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[ONE PENNY.]

DEATH IN THE MINE.

THE terrible frequency of disastrous colliery accidents induces almost a feeling of despair. Despite the science of the age, it would seem that the vocation of the miner is becoming more and more dangerous. Wholesale catastrophes carry up the yearly sum total of deaths to an extent which is absolutely appalling. Last year the list was swelled by the explosions at the Oaks Pit and at Talk-o'-th'-Hill, the former carrying off 358 lives, including many heroic volunteers who braved the peril of the burning pit in order to rescue the living or recover the dead. The subterranean fire near Barnsley is not yet extinguished, the dolorous explosions are again heard; and now we have a disaster in Wales which threatens to make 1867 a year of sad remembrance, like its immediate predecessor. The Rhondda Valley is the scene of a colliery explosion involving an enormous sacrifice of life, spreading sorrow and desolation through the whole of the adjacent village. The Ferndale Colliery, where this disaster has occurred, includes among its mineral treasures the famous four-foot Merthyr steam coal, referred to at some length in the reports from the Paris Exhibition. The colliery itself is of recent date, and is understood to have borne a good reputation in regard to its management. Naturally the pit is of a "fiery" character, necessitating careful ventilation. That the pit was well managed, seems to be indicated by the circumstance that it has hitherto enjoyed a very encouraging immunity from explosion. But whatever may have been the degree of caution exercised by the owners and responsible officials, the melancholy fact remains that something like 170 lives have been lost at one fell swoop. About two o'clock on Friday afternoon the fatal gas was fired. A terrific concussion shook the whole mine, and the dull reverberation echoed throughout the valley. The coal pit was converted for the moment into a volcano, vomiting flames, ashes, and stones. Messengers, telegrams, and the sound of the explosion, soon brought to the spot such help as human skill and courage could afford. As usual, there was no lack of volunteers for the service of danger, and possibly of death. Special trains were sent on from Cardiff by the proprietors of the mine—and as soon as necessary arrangements could possibly be made, a gang of forty men went down into the workings. Almost, if not quite, the first among the dead bodies sent up to the surface was that of the manager. Among the unhappy victims, some were frightfully burned and mangled, while others slept the calm sleep of a drowsy suffocation. The agony of mingled hope and fear was long endured by many of the poor bereaved ones who were waiting for tidings of fathers, brothers,



THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

and sons known to be down in the pit at the time of the explosion. Mere narration can never adequately represent the terrors of such an event, and it were even better that the tale should not be told in all its fulness. There is a sacredness in grief which forbids too close a scrutiny. It is enough for us to know that by one unhappy spark—kindled it is scarce known how—a crowd of toiling men and youths were cut off from among the living, hurled to the ground and scorched by the tempestuous flame, or speedily suffocated by the poisoned air. Statistics only just published show that in 1866 the sacrifice of life in our coal pits was equal to one life for every 67,877 tons of coals raised to the surface. We are now raising more than one hundred million tons per annum. Last year 1,481 lives were thus cast away, out of a total of nearly 321,000 souls employed in this dangerous industry. What coals are worth to our own country and to civilisation at large, needs not now to be told. The possibility of our coal measures be-

tion between a low barometer and a prevalence of gas in coal-pits has been commonly noticed and accepted as a warning. It may prove, or be reasonably inferred, that the Ferndale holocaust was the result of that hairbrained recklessness which it is to be feared often arises in connection with dangerous trades and occupations. Still, it were to be wished that the appliances at the command of the miner were somewhat more perfect than they often are. The applications of electricity are manifold, and the beautiful light displayed in exhausted glass tubes by means of the induction coil seems to point the way to a species of coal-pit illumination which shall be unexceptionably safe. The breaking of such a tube would cause the immediate extinction of the light, and any tampering with the apparatus would not only be useless, but would place the miner in darkness. Other questions present themselves, particularly in regard to ventilation and inspection, and on every point it is necessary that the utmost care should be exercised.

coming exhausted has been sufficient to strike even statesmen with dismay. Essential as this mineral product is to the world's progress, it is sad to find how closely it is connected with human suffering and death. Concerning the prevailing cause of these coal-pit calamities, we are frequently told of the carelessness of the miners; and the hour at which the Ferndale explosion took place is thought to be suggestive of after-dinner smoking! A correspondent writing from Glamorgan says:—

"While men in fiery mines are allowed to carry keys to safety lamps, pipes and tobacco in their pockets, these sad depopulations of districts will periodically happen. On this occasion the fire seems to have originated near the mouth of the workings, where, we presume, the ventilation might be expected to be at its best. Concerning the locality now referred to, we find the Government inspector saying in his last report:—"The coals worked in the Aberdare district are heavily charged with gas, and are chiefly worked with locked safety lamps; but I regret to have to report that, with one or two exceptions, the firing of shots is still allowed, and attended with great danger." We may hope, for the credit of the owners and their staff, that the Ferndale Colliery is included in these honourable exceptions. After all ordinary care has been taken, in the case of a pit which is naturally subject to gas, the miner still goes with his life in his hands, and there is danger enough even if the lamp is kept faithfully locked, and if no surreptitious smoking of tobacco be perpetrated. On the occasion of the disastrous explosions last December, it was submitted that they were preceded by an extraordinary fall in the barometer, and it is said that the connection between a low barometer and a prevalence of gas in coal-pits has been commonly noticed and accepted as a warning.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

LORD REDESDALE has been informed by his solicitors that Mr. Robert Sinclair has commenced legal proceedings against him on account of the letters which appeared in the *Times* sometime since on railway matters.

We learn that the Rev. W. J. Butler has been advised by the episcopal referees, to whom he left the decision, to decline the Bishopric of Natal, and that he has finally determined to act upon their advice.

The Royal Academicians will shortly consider the election of Foreign Honorary Members to their body. It is to be hoped that none but high considerations will rule the selections of the members. French Art will undoubtedly supply many famous names to the observer as worthy of whatever honour our Academy can bestow.

The meetings of the Institute of Civil Engineers were resumed at their house in Great George-street, on Monday, the subject for discussion being the "Removal of Organic and Inorganic Substances in Water." The question was introduced at the close of last session, by Mr. Edward Byrne, M.I.C.E., in a paper detailing the results of some carefully conducted laboratory experiments.

On Saturday the Prince of Wales completed his 26th year, the day of his nativity being the 9th of November, 1841. The usual demonstrations of loyalty in the metropolis marked the anniversary. In the evening the Association of Royal Tradersmen celebrated the event by a dinner under the presidency of Mr. Benson, of watch and clock celebrity; and the club-houses, theatres, and many of the shops at the West-end were illuminated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to Her Majesty on Wednesday morning, when they left Windsor in a special train, which travelled to the Great Eastern system by way of the North London line, and so enabled their Royal Highnesses to reach Wotton, for Sandringham, without change of carriage. The birthday of the Princess of Wales, falling on the 1st December, will be celebrated at Sandringham with the usual festivities.

On Saturday the Lord Mayor elect and sheriffs proceeded from Guildhall to Westminster, but most of the old-fashioned "pomp and circumstance" of past days was dispensed with. The "state coach," notwithstanding its eloquent defence by Mr. Alderman Wilson, disappeared, and with it most of the constituents of the old cortege. Without these encumbrances the whole thing may be said to have been done at a racing pace, to the great disgust of the roughs and gamins of the streets. The presentation to the judges was rendered remarkable by an eloquent defence of the City Corporation by the Lord Chief Baron.

Mr. SPURGEON, who was sufficiently well to preach last Sunday, has put forth a manifesto in his magazine called "The Sword and Trowel," in which he says:—"I have spent two months in ill-health, and much of the time in severe pain, but, by the good hand of God upon me, I am now much better, and hope to resume my home work very speedily. I have resolved, for twelve months at least, to refuse almost all work away from home, and I now earnestly beg friends not to distress me with importunate requests to preach here, there, and everywhere. For years I have preached from eight to ten times a week, besides issuing the weekly sermon, editing the magazine, overseeing the church, superintending the college, directing the orphanage, founding new churches, attending committees, and a thousand other things; but many signs indicate that there must be a pause. I am not less willing, but I am far less able than I was, to serve the Church by preaching."

THE Banquet of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to the ministers, judges, and the civic authorities was given, according to custom, in the Guildhall, in the evening of Saturday. Six o'clock was named on the tickets of invitation, but the stream of carriages conveying guests continued to roll in the direction of Guildhall for more than an hour afterwards, and it was past seven o'clock before the dinner was served. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress received their visitors in the council chamber, the corridors and lobbies of which were decorated with evergreens and busts of public men, and an elegant terra-cotta fountain in the Aldermen's Chamber was an agreeable relief to the eye, though it was actually not required to temper the atmosphere, which was far from being oppressively warm. The venerable Guildhall was free from any of the attempts at decoration which have been made on some former occasions, the Lord Mayor, with very good taste, being unwilling to disturb the noble architectural simplicity of the building. Those of the guests who had not seen it since the recent improvements, were loud in their praise of the magnificent oak roof. The gallery which has been raised at the west end, stretching from Gog on the one side to Magog on the other, is also a decided improvement. In spite of some endeavours which had been made to obtain the abolition of the long-established custom of separating by an iron railing the Common Councilmen and their lady friends from the rest of the banquet, the invidious bar was in its old place; but the Lord Mayor—whose days of office have been already distinguished by some portentous innovations—resolved that the invitations to the banquet should be limited to the number of persons capable of being accommodated in the Guildhall, and the subsidiary dinners that formerly took place in adjacent rooms were conspicuous by their absence. It was roughly estimated that, owing to these changes, the guests were something like 300 below the number that have been usually feted by the Lord Mayor on the 9th of November, but most of those who had the opportunity of glancing on Saturday at the thickly occupied tables ranged the whole length of the Guildhall were probably of the opinion that the influx, after dinner, of three or four hundred more visitors would have been a very undesirable feature of the entertainment, and whatever may be said of the scant proportions and hasty transit of the Lord Mayor's show from east to west, and from west to east on Saturday, the high festival with which each successive chief magistrate of the City of London commences his term of office exhibited no diminution this year of its accustomed splendour. The turtle and the punch, the sturdy burton of beef and the knightly sirloin, the good old English fare and the marvels of French cookery, spoils of every vintage in Europe, from the light elixir and thin bock of these degenerate days to the full-bodied port and rich burgundy of our ancestors, and everything that should be found at a great civic feast were there in profusion; while for "fair women and shrewd men" the giants Gog and Magog probably never looked down upon a braver gathering in Guildhall. The Earl of Derby was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from being present; and the principal speakers were the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Stanley, the Earl of Malmesbury, Mr. Corry, &c.

CURATES AUGMENTATION FUND.—This fund appears to us to have a very special claim upon the laity, as being intended to remove an evil for which they, to a certain extent, must feel answerable, we mean the small payment of stipendiary curates. The existence of the large body of curates, required by the increased population of the country, was not contemplated at the time when the original endowments of the Church were given. The stipends which they have hitherto received have been paid almost entirely by the benefited clergy out of incomes averaging £246 a year, intended to provide only for services which they themselves render. There can be little doubt that the very inadequate stipend thus obtainable by a curate, coupled with the great uncertainty of his obtaining preferment, prevents many parents from giving their sons the expensive education requisite to enable them to take Holy Orders, and that thus many men of ability and promise are lost to the service of the Church. Unless some active steps be taken in the matter, the evil will become even more serious than at present. This is a work in which every layman should take his part:—the benefited clergy clearly cannot do more than they have done.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

On Saturday a lighterman named Henry Bridge fell from his barge off Charlton and was drowned.

A WEEKLY contemporary says that at a tavern last week the following notice was exhibited:—"Discussion this evening—'Ritualism,' to be followed by songs and recitations."

A STRANGE vessel hovered off Blacksed Bay, on the coast of Erris, Ireland, for two days. She appeared to be a man of war, having portholes open, but displayed no colours. The second morning she fired a salvo of artillery when going off to leeward.

At the Horsham Station, on the Mid-Sussex line, on Friday, as the Steving goods train reached the Horsham Station the guard, named Still, got out of the right hand side of the brake van, and was in the act of crossing the down line, at which time the 7.25 train from Three Bridges arrived, and struck the guard a violent blow on the head, causing instantaneous death.

JAMES BADALEY, a member of the Stoke-upon-Trent company of Rifle Volunteers, shot himself dead. He had been for some time past treasurer to a sick club, composed of Messrs. Minton, Hollins, and Co.'s workpeople, but on account of irregularities in his conduct he was superseded at a meeting held on Thursday evening. He leaves behind him a wife and two children.

THE Dublin authorities seem just now to be extremely watchful against surprises. At Ship-street Barracks, immediately adjoining the Castle, an extra picket—a non-commissioned officer and 24 men of the 48th Regiment—were kept under arms all Thursday night in the guard-room, a rumour having got circulation that an attack would be made on a house in the neighbourhood, where the Crown witnesses who are being produced on the trials at present going forward are lodged.

THE trial, "Darby v. Beales, Dickson, and others," which commenced on Wednesday, was not concluded until Saturday evening. Mr. Beales, Colonel Dickson, two leading members of the Reform League, with a number of other persons, were concerned in an attempt to establish a Junior Reform Club. It was a failure; and the plaintiff, Mr. Darby, who had been employed by them as secretary, brought an action to recover £300 for a year's salary, £215 for expenses incurred by him, and damages for wrongful dismissal. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff, assessing the whole damages at £365 19s. 3d.

ANOTHER awful colliery catastrophe has just occurred, by which it is believed that no fewer than 200 persons have perished. The Rhondda Valley, near Pontypridd, is one of the busiest portions of the South Wales coal field. Amongst the numerous workings within its range, the best known is probably the Ferndale Colliery, belonging to Messrs. Davis and Son, of Cardiff. On Friday, the number of men and boys at work in that pit have been ascertained to have been at least 350; but, as a considerable number resided at outlying districts, some distance off, it is believed that there were considerably more. At about five in the afternoon an extensive and terrible explosion took place, followed by others, which spread death and destruction into every working. Up to Saturday evening between 50 and 60 bodies had been brought up, some frightfully burnt and others untouched by the fire, death in their case having resulted from the choke damp which is the chemical result of an explosion of carbonic acid gas. Fire raged in every part of the workings. The cause of the accident is believed to be the incautious use of naked lights. Full details will be found on another page.

THE members of the Inner Temple Hall on assembling at the commencement of the present term, were agreeably surprised to find that the great paintings occupying nearly the whole of the western side had been during the vacation so thoroughly restored as to look as if they had only just been painted. The whole of the upper part of the wall is occupied by a fine allegorical painting by Sir James Thornhill, the centre figure being the winged white horse, the arms or symbols of the Inner Temple, and is pronounced one of the best specimens of that eminent artist. Till now it had been almost wholly invisible from the accumulation of dirt and varnish during a long series of years. The large full-length paintings beneath, of King William III., Queen Mary, his consort, and Queen Anne, have also been thoroughly restored, and each was found to bear the signature of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The adjoining full-length paintings of Littleton and Coke, as well as the commanding portrait of Lord Thurlow, painted by Phillips, on the southern wall, have been in like manner restored to apparently their pristine condition of freshness and beauty, and reflect great credit on Messrs. Rutley, of Great Newport-street, to whom the important duty was entrusted a few months ago by the benchers.

On Saturday night a serious disturbance took in the streets of Oxford, emanating, it is stated, from the junior members of the University. In the morning of Saturday it was hinted that there would be a bread riot at night, and that the undergraduates were determined to resist it. Up to a quarter past ten the streets were in their usual quietude, but just after that time a performance that had taken place at the Town Hall concluded, and a town and gown row ensued immediately, and after a great deal of fighting and skirmishing the undergraduates were compelled by the proctors and other officials, though most unwillingly, to return to their respective colleges. Directly this was done the roughs at once proceeded to the broad establishments of Alderman Grub, situate in Queen-street and Corn Market-street, and commenced breaking his windows; but the police, headed by the new mayor (Alderman Carr) and other city and university authorities, succeeded in arresting nearly a score, who were taken to the University Police-station, all of whom, with the exception of one, were liberated on their own or other bail. Several college windows were likewise broken. The mayor, who was most determined to quell the riots, had a narrow escape; while addressing a mob some miscreant threw a stone at him, which fortunately, instead of hitting his head, passed it and went through a window close by. It was nearly three o'clock before the streets were cleared.—On Monday evening a detachment of Grenadier Guards proceeded from Windsor to Oxford by train. Before starting each man received 40 rounds of ball cartridge.

A FEW weeks since the London General Omnibus Company tried the experiment of an advance of 25 per cent. only. Finding the public quiet, they proceeded further, and increase the fares 50, and, in some instances, 100 per cent. As an example of their new arrangement take the line from the Royal Oak, Paddington, to London Bridge, the fare on which has never, until recently, exceeded 4d. The company have now divided this line into six distances, each 2½, some of them not more than half a mile in length, as for instance, from the Oxford-circus to Tottenham-court-road; and all these limits be passed by even a few yards the passenger is subjected to an extra fare. When the mileage duty was taken off the public expected some benefit therefrom. They are now, however, much worse off than they have ever been. The few proprietors on the old system that still remain have not made any alteration in their fares, while the General Omnibus Company are fluctuating in their charges from week to week. Compare this treatment with that received by the Parisian public. The Paris omnibuses all belong to one company, who enjoy a municipal monopoly, yet there the fares are now the same as they were ten years ago. You can travel the whole length of Paris, in any direction, by "correspondence;" say from Auteuil and Passy to the Place de Trône, or from Courbevoie to Bercy, 12,000 metres, equal to 7½ English miles, inside or out, for 3d.; and, on the outside, you can go the full extent of each route, which averages 7,000 metres, or 4½ miles nearly, as from Monceaux to the Jardin des Plantes, or from Neuilly to the Louvre for 1½d. This pays in Paris. Then would not cheaper fares than we now have to pay in London, with its larger population, pay?

METROPOLITAN.

Two faces of the clock in the tower of St. George's Church, Borough, are to be illuminated. It would cost £135 to illuminate all four.

THE police-constable (O'Brien) who was shot in the Highgate district lately, is reported not to be progressing so favourably as was at first hoped. His assailants have not yet been apprehended.

ON Saturday a compensation case, "Gilbert v. the London and South-Western Railway," was heard before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell. The jury awarded, by consent, £3,500 for some land at Hammersmith.

A YOUNG man named Arthur Simmons, a bricklayer's labourer, was working on Saturday in Grosvenor-road, Westminster, when a brick fell upon his head and killed him on the spot.

THE Underground Railway has carried in six months' time over 12,000,000 passengers, or about three times the population of London. The actual number transported over the line since its opening in January, 1863, is about 70,000,000.

A NOVEL system of roquetry was exposed at Lambeth County Court. A venetian-blind maker was called as a witness to prove that 7½d. per foot for blinds was an overcharge. In cross-examination, he said his own charge was 6½d. if the customer asked the price beforehand, but he always charged 8d. if not asked. There had been no asking in the case before the court, the judge, therefore, held that the witness had proved just a halfpenny per foot too much, and allowed the 7½d.

THE action taken by the press with reference to the exorbitant prices charged for butchers' meat has had a beneficial effect in Paddington. On Saturday Mr. Turner, of the Bishop's-road, was selling prime legs and loins of splendid mutton at 6½d. per pound, coarser joints at 4d. per pound, and beef at an average of 6d. per pound. Other butchers in the parish (though some still stick to the old high prices) are following the example, so that meat is sold in Paddington at 4d. per pound less than it was six weeks ago.

ON Saturday an inquest was held at Marylebone Workhouse, on the body of George Glover, aged seven years, who was killed by the giving way of some railings over an area at the corner of Union and Highworth-streets, Lisson-grove, on Tuesday afternoon last. It appeared that this was not the first time the railings in question had given way. The deceased had received a severe punctured wound in the abdomen, which caused his death from internal hemorrhage. The jury, after some deliberation, found a verdict of "Accidental death."

THE rule obtained in the Court of Queen's Bench on the Judge of the Arches Court, Sir Robert Phillimore, at the instance of the defendant, to prohibit Sir Travers Twiss and Dr. Robertson from hearing the St. Alban's Ritual case, has been served by Mr. Brooks, the proctor, on his lordship and the learned doctors mentioned, as also on the other parties, and it is expected to come on for argument, should any cause be shown, on Monday, the 18th inst. The rule has been issued on the ground that Sir Travers Twiss and Dr. Robertson had no jurisdiction under the Church Discipline Act to hear and determine the matter. In the event of the rule being made absolute the case will be heard before Sir Robert Phillimore, as Dean of Arches.

ON Saturday morning an inquest was held in Brierly-street, Bethnal-green, on the body of a boy, two years of age, named Jessop. It appears that no regular practitioner attended deceased, but his father, a shoemaker, acted as his doctor, and on his decease wrote a document certifying that he had died from measles, and had every care and attention. It appeared that the father had great faith in herb medicine, and treated the child accordingly. Dr. Sarnis said the child had died from inflammation of the lungs, and not from measles. The treatment was improper, and the wrong medicines had been given. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from inflammation of the lungs," and the jurors severely censured the father for not calling in medical advice.

BRUTAL ASSAULT BY A SOLDIER.—Nathaniel Earl, a private in the 3rd Company, first battalion, Grenadier Guards, was charged with the following violent and brutal assault:—Ann Elizabeth Grice: I am married, and my husband is a Coldstreamer. I formerly lived in Castle-street, but now at Pye-street. My husband is at the Tower. I went on Saturday night to the Queen and Prince, in Knightsbridge, and looked for my husband. He was not there, but the prisoner was drunk, and knocking a woman about. He hit a friend of mine with his cane, and when I told him not to hit her with his cane, but with his fist, he commenced knocking me about with his cane out in the open court. He lost all of took off his belt, and hit me three times across the hand, and I believe he has broken it. They put it in splints at St. George's Hospital on Saturday night. After he hit me he ran away, and ten minutes afterwards he met me, knocking me down, and kicked me in the ribs, which are also banded. He wanted to fight a civilian as well. He was drunk. He ran into a shoe-shop, and the constable took him.—Prisoner denied using his belt, and she struck him first, and was telling a parcel of lies.—Sarah Ward, an ironer, said she was in the public-house, and there was a row about a pot of beer; the prisoner was going to strike a woman, and I asked him not to, and Mrs. Grice too. Then he hit her with the cane, and he struck her with his belt, which he had off, and cut her hand. He afterwards knocked her down, and kicked her several times.—Police-constable Hall, 215 B, proved seeing the complainant's hand bleeding; the prisoner was secured in a booth, and his belt was off.—Prisoner denied the charge in *toto* , and said he never used the belt or kicked her.—The Sergeant of prisoner's company said his military character was good.—Mr. Self: I shall remind you, and require evidence of the injuries inflicted from the medical men.

SEEING THE SHOW.—Edwin Burnett, who had been previously convicted of felony, and a lad named Regan, were charged before the Lord Mayor with stealing a gold watch and chain of the value of £30.—The complainant was Mr. Andrew Reid, a civil engineer, residing at 25, Rathen-road, Dublin, but now staying at the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate. On Saturday he was in a crowd at the top of Cheapside, while the civic pageant was passing. The prisoners stood near him, one on each side. He was trying to get out of the crowd when some one behind knocked his hat over his eyes, and before he could raise it the prisoner Burnett took his gold watch from his waistcoat. The watch hung for a moment by the gold guard-chain, but the younger prisoner (Regan) seized it and wrenched both it and the chain away by a violent effort, somebody again from behind knocking the prosecutor's hat over his eyes. He called out that he was being robbed, upon which he was surrounded by a number of the prisoner's associates, and his watch and chain were passed to one of them, who immediately afterwards disappeared. They were of the value together of about £30. A policeman, who had interfered to protect the prosecutor, saw the watch and chain passed by one of the prisoners to a confederate, but was too late to prevent the robbery.—George Agar, chief warder of the City Prison, Holloway, recognised the prisoner Burnett as having left there on Tuesday or Wednesday last, where he had undergone 18 months' hard labour on a conviction for felony.—Burnett, on being cautioned by the Bench as to anything he might say, he being about to be committed for trial, replied that, on leaving prison he spent two whole days at the docks in trying to obtain a berth in a ship, but in vain.—The Lord Mayor: And you attempted to steal the watch and chain before you went. I suppose you could not resist the old temptation.—Both prisoners were committed to Newgate for trial.

PROVINCIAL.

THE Treasury have granted to the town council of Portsmouth, at a nominal rental, a piece of land, upwards of eighteen acres in area, immediately opposite the railway station, and in the centre of the town, for the purpose of a public park and recreation ground.

On Saturday the citizens of Dublin expressed their detestation of the crime lately committed in their streets by giving a public funeral to the deceased policeman. It appears to have evoked the sympathies of the public in a remarkable degree, and the route of the procession was crowded by persons of all classes.

The third edition of the *Western Morning News* reports a bread riot at Barnstable on Friday and Saturday. Two thousand men demolished bakers and butchers' shops, and attacked a flour-mill, where they were fired upon three times. On threatening, however, to burn the mill, bread, cheese, and cider were distributed to them. The Mayor twice addressed the mob without effect. Five ringleaders are custody. Special constables were sworn in.

Seven men arraigned before the Manchester Special Commission of Assize on Friday night while the jury in the previous case was considering its verdict were placed in the dock on Saturday morning, when the prosecution was withdrawn against three of them, a *nolle prosequi* was entered, and they were discharged. The trial of the other four then proceeded, and occupied the remainder of the day.

The whole of the boys employed in the cartridge sheds at the Royal Arsenal, have not only been provided with new fire-proof dresses, but by a new arrangement their wages generally will be augmented. The rule for boys not to be employed in the Royal Arsenal under the age of twelve years is to be rigidly enforced, and the girls employed at the sheds will be prohibited from wearing crinolines. The breaking up in the sheds of work not properly made will not in future be allowed.

Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN died at an early hour on Friday morning, at his residence, 112, Pembroke-road, Dublin. Mr. O'Gorman was borne in Clare, and had attained the age of eighty-eight years. His life was an eventful one. He was imprisoned twice in the year 1798 as a suspected United Irishman. He and his brother stood beside O'Connell in the latter's memorable duel with D'Este. After emancipation he retired for a number of years from politics, and took no part in the Repeal agitation until 1841. He joined with his son the Repeal Association, and took part in all its debates until the final breaking up of that association in 1848; and since then, except in matters connected with charitable or philanthropic objects, he has taken no part whatever in public discussions.

BETWEEN four and five o'clock on Friday afternoon an explosion of fire-damp took place in the Hollywood Pit of the Silverdale Company, by which three of the colliers were literally blown to pieces. Fortunately the rest of the workers in the pit had just left it for some reason or other, and these three poor fellows remained below to put up some door in connection with the ventilation of the mine. While they were thus engaged the gas took fire with terrible effect. Mr. Sparrow Wilkinson, one of the partners, was at an extreme part of the pit, with a butt named Durber. They heard the explosion and felt its effects, and soon as possible, made their way to its scene, when the pit presented a terrible picture. Immediate search was commenced for the bodies, two of which were found at nine o'clock, the other, who was blown a considerable distance, not being recovered until eleven o'clock. A couple of Davy lamps, with the tops off, were found in the pit.

AMERICAN NOTES.

A BOY nine years old, lately living at Memphis, Tennessee, attempted to hang his little brother and sister, aged respectively two and four years. Falling in this, the would-be Calcraft hanged himself.

The Nevada *Trespass* gives an account of a "little affair" that illustrates life in the far western territories. One Stanley was proprietor of an "eating ranch" in Virginia, Nevada. A person named Caldwell was one of his customers. Stanley and Caldwell drank together. They quarrelled. Caldwell plunged a bowie-knife into Stanley's heart. He did not attempt to remove the body, but coolly stepped over it, and beat a triangle to call his "boarders" to dine. The citizens assembled, seized Caldwell, flogged him, and burned his house. After which ripples, life in Virginia calmly flowed on.

There seems to be no doubt that Chief Justice Chase will preside at the opening, at least, of the trial of Jefferson Davis in Richmond on the 13th November. Whether he will sit at the trial depends on the length of the proceedings. The regular term of the Supreme Court will open early in December, and Mr. Chase must preside over that court. The Chief Justice has announced his willingness to open the Davis trial. It is not anticipated that there will be any difficulty in proving against Mr. Davis the act of "levying war." The dispute will be upon questions of law. The question of state rights will, of course, be revived, and we shall have a judicial decision on that point.

The spectacle presented in Virginia is not a common one. The "Mother of Presidents" has given birth to a litter of mongrels, for the like of which one might search the world in vain. The state of Washington and Jefferson has committed her destinies to the hands of barbarians so densely ignorant that they cannot even remember the names by which they have registered themselves as voters; and serfs, yet bowed and horny-handed with the grossest labour of the fields, are called to decide upon the position of "The Old Dominion" in the parliament of nations. The county that gave birth to John Randolph selects negroes to represent her in a "Congress of the People," and where once the clarion-voice of Patrick Henry roused patriots to noble deeds the loud "haw-haw" of Cuffee announces the victory of ignorance over civilisation. In thousands of cabins, and by a thousand pine-knot fires to-night the trodden dance in wild *carmagnole*, and such vile cacophony goes up into the vault of heaven as scares the bat and night-owl even in that distant haunt of ghosts and eerie things, the "Dismal Swamp." To-night Sambo strikes the stove with his sublime heels.

"Fer now a citterzin I be—
Dudah, dudah!
Kase Marsa lunkum madame free;
Dudah, dudah, day!"

The death is announced of George Wilkins Kendall, once one of the foremost of American journalists. In 1833 Mr. Kendall was a type-setter in New York. He was an inveterate gambler. Having won, one evening, something like 1,500 dollars at faro, he determined to reform. He proceeded to New Orleans, and established there a journal that became famous in the United States, the *Picayune*. The *Picayune* was, in its best days, the sharpest, most witty, and most lively newspaper in the republic; in enterprise it stood far ahead of any contemporary. Mr. Kendall acquired a fortune by the paper; he invested his money in sheep and sugar farms in Texas. In time his flock covered no small portion of the territory of that great state. In 1841 he joined an expedition from Austin to Santa Fe; he was captured by the Mexicans, and suffered frightful hardships. Upon his release he wrote, in two volumes, "A Narrative of the Santa Fe Expedition," the most interesting historical work yet produced by an American. He joined the Federal army in 1861. He had just returned from Europe, when he fell a victim to Texan "chills and fever." He has left an immense property.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE revival of "Hernani" at the Théâtre Français has been so successful that other of M. Victor Hugo's dramas will probably be re-produced.

THE Prussian Artillery Commission has caused experiments to be made with a brass rifled 8-inch mortar, loading at the breech. The piece rests upon a carriage with wheels.

THE name of Signor Rossini is said to have headed a memorial signed by the best French composers, entreating the Emperor not to consent to the dismemberment of the far-famed band of "Les Guides."

THE French Government have given way in the matter of the octroi dues. The manager of the large foundry at Lavallette has been informed that they will not be enforced, and in consequence he has given notice that work will be resumed on Monday next.

WE hear that ladies in Paris now wear from their ears small crystal globes, suspended by bits of enamelled sea-weed, and containing two or three tiny gold fish, a lobster, a crab, and a skate. These are called aquarium earrings.

A CURIOUS compliment is about to be paid to Mr. Maguire, on the occasion of his producing "The Irish in America;" the Committee of Paper Manufacturers have agreed to give him the paper for his first edition, as some slight recognition of services which they have received from him.

A DUEL was fought between a correspondent of the *Nord* (M. Covielle) and M. d'Aunay, of the *Figaro*. Pistols were the weapons chosen. M. Covielle fired first, but missed; M. d'Aunay's pistol missed fire twice. M. d'Aunay then offered to let M. Covielle have another shot at him, but the seconds interfered and prevented the combat going on.

A NEW device is said to have been resorted to by the manager of the theatre at the Luxembourg. Announcing "La Boite aux Idées" as the title of his Christmas piece, he announces also the opening of letter-boxes in the "Quartier Latin," where any hints, jokes or other convertible material will be "thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged."

IN Montreal a broker borrowed 35,000 dollars from a friend also a broker. He returned to the friend a half-an-hour after the borrowing and said that he had been knocked down by "two Americans" and robbed; but upon search the 35,000 dollars turned up under a safe in the office of the supposed-to-be victim of Yankee criminals.

THE persons arbitrarily arrested by the police in the Montmartre Cemetery have been released, after a week's solitary confinement, the law officers having found out that they were illegally arrested. They have not any prospect of redress, as before they sue the police who arrested them without a shadow of a pretext they must obtain the authorisation of the Council of State—a tedious and expensive process; and one, moreover, in which all the chances are against them.

THE trial of the *Courier Français* for its article on the French intervention in Italy came off lately. The manager of the paper was fined 1,000 francs; the writer of the article, M. Duchesne, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and 500 francs fine; and the printer got off with 200 francs fine. The judgment of the Court affirms the extraordinary principle that the Senate Consultum, "prohibiting the discussion of the constitution," is to be considered a penal law. The sentence is to be appealed against.

THE credit of Egypt having been greatly improved through the recent financial changes, and the present Minister being determined to carry out his administration with vigour, it is understood fresh plans will be entertained for complete "unification" of the debt. The object will, it is alleged, be to place the whole of the different securities on one footing, and to arrange on more favourable conditions the sinking fund, so as to extinguish the debt at the earliest possible period. The operation, it is asserted, will take place partly through French and partly through English agency.

By the arrival at Liverpool, on Saturday, of the steamer Pennsylvania, intelligence was received from New Orleans, to the effect that the towns of Brazos, Santiago, and Brownsville, Texas, and the City of Matamoros, and the village of Bagdad, Mexico, had been extensively damaged by the same storm which recently devastated Galveston. The steamer Pizarro, which left Brazos for New Orleans on Oct. 2, had not been heard of up to the 25th ult., and that all on board have perished.

THE Emperor Napoleon returned to the Tuilleries on Saturday morning, and in the afternoon received Lord Lyons, who in presenting his credentials informed His Majesty that his instructions from the Queen especially prescribed to him to spare nothing to maintain and strengthen the relations between the two countries, which had hitherto so powerfully contributed to their welfare, and to the happiness of the whole world. The Emperor in replying expressed his appreciation of the Queen's sentiments, and said that from the commencement of his reign his object had been to maintain with Great Britain those friendly relations which had borne so many fruits.

DISPATCHES from General Faily, under date of 9th November, states that the body of troops sent against the Garibaldians consisted of 3,000 Pontifical troops and 2,000 French. The Pontifical troops solicited the honour of leading the principal attack, while the French, forming a reserve, supported the attack by a movement turning on two flanks. The French loss is given at two killed and 38 wounded, two of whom are officers. The loss of the Pontificals is given at 20 killed and 133 wounded. The Garibaldians left 600 dead on the field of battle and wounded in proportion; 1,600 prisoners were taken to Rome, 700 sent back over the frontier. The Roman population gave a triumphant welcome to the troops. The Chassepot rifle did wonders.

COLLECTORS are proverbially dishonest, and entomologists are no exception. A short time ago, a collector in Germany, who had a fine collection of beetles, prided himself on possessing a couple of Goliath beetles of great value. One day, to his dismay, he found one of the beetles had disappeared out of the drawer; he made out a list of the persons collecting such objects who had lately inspected his collection, and then set out to visit their collections. He called on No. 1 and No. 2 without any result, and looking through the cabinet of No. 3 there was a Goliath of the kind he missed. He said, "So you have got that species at last?"—"Yes," said the collector No. 3, "I had to pay a large price for it."—"Pray let me have it in my hand, and examine it more closely."—"Oh, certainly," said the collector No. 3. As soon as he had got it fairly in his hand, he broke the specimen in half, that is, between the body and the thorax, and holding the broken ends up to the collector, showed him a label, gummed on the inside of the body, on which was written, "Stolen from Mr. R." Forseeing such an event might happen he had placed such a label in the body of each of his specimens. It is to be wished that this could be done in other cases.

SOME time since a counterfeiter was arrested in Maine. In order to release him his friends concocted a scheme. They offered to a Government officer 700 dollars to join with them. He accepted. Then the counterfeiter in question pretended to give information as to the whereabouts of fellow criminals. The Government officer, affecting to act upon this information, entered a house in Bleeker-street, New York, forced open a door, and "discovered" counterfeiters' tools, presses, spurious notes, &c. The officer then asked the authorities to release the imprisoned counterfeiter, urging that his services to the Government gave him a claim to liberty. But the Government has not discharged the man, and the plan has failed. The room entered by the officer was of course fitted up with dies, presses, forged notes, &c., by the friends of the swindler under arrest.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Opened under the most encouraging circumstances, this popular theatre continues to offer attractions which afford an unlimited fund of amusement to large and appreciative audiences. During the ensuing season we have promises that the liberality of the directors will in no wise be slackened, on the contrary, their advertisements already give evidence that they are alive to the insatiable demand of the public for novelty, and an entertainment of the most varied character. In addition to their present capital company, an engagement with the renowned Dasele Family, just commenced, has introduced for the first time in England a troupe of ponies, dogs, and monkeys, whose performances are of the most extraordinary character, and such as have never before been presented to an English audience. Herr Paul Dassele, a youth only ten years of age, but coming with a Continental reputation of a knowledgeable worth, is also an *artiste* new to London, and his equestrianism is of undeniable merit. These, in addition to the present company, besides other novelties that are to follow, together with the comfort of the accommodation, must commend the Holborn Circus to every one who desires to spend an agreeable evening.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.—This celebrated troupe of humourists continue their hold of St. James's Hall, and seem likely long to maintain it by the vigour and variety of their performances. They have commenced the present winter season by the introduction into their programme of a number of novelties in the shape of new songs, new dances, new jokes, and new comic sketches; and time does not appear to have yet impaired either their comic power or the popular taste for its exhibition. Their entertainment is divided into two parts, the first of which consists of the singing of a series of comic and sentimental songs and ballads, interspersed with scraps of farcical dialogue, in which "Pompey" and "Bones" most freely caricature the eccentricities of negro life and character. Then follows a more brief, but a more miscellaneous performance, into which are introduced some vigorous dancing; a whimsical imitation of the acrobatic feats of the Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs; a few musical selections, in the course of which Mr. W. P. Collins treats his audience to a curious sample of the supposed melody of the Chinese fiddle; Mr. J. Adams sings with very happy effect a burlesque operatic scena; and Mr. W. Anderson cleverly represents the sly vagaries of a "Dorky Fiddler"; the whole medley winding up with a "Nigger Barbecue Dance," in which the entire company for a few moments figure. This, it will be universally admitted, an ample programme for an evening's amusement, and it is fulfilled, not only with scrupulous fidelity, but with a considerable amount of real artistic capacity. The company stand beyond all question at the head of their peculiar profession, and they are naturally anxious that the public should be acquainted with the special position which they occupy. They now only appear at the St. James's Hall, and they have not given a performance out of London for nearly three years. It is their distinguishing pretension to unite highly artistic culture with broad popular humour, and the public verdict seems to confirm their claim to this distinction.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the seventh concert on Saturday, the 2nd inst., the programme was devoted to Handel's serenata "Acis and Galatea," in which the principal parts were sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. George Perren, Montem Smith, and Lewis Thomas. The performance was almost in every respect excellent, and the choir again showed their great efficiency and undeniable capabilities. The plaintive chorus "Wretched lovers," and the no less plaintive and still more descriptive "Mourn, all ye muses," have seldom been sung more evenly, more forcibly, or with a greater amount of feeling. The lighter chorus, "Oh! the pleasure of the plains!" on the other hand, was as merry and jovial as could be desired. The solos were all good—that of Madame Sherrington, as a matter of course, the best. No singing hardly could be more brilliant and beautiful than Galatea's famous air, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," by the fair artist, who is very popular with the Crystal Palace concert audiences. In the two songs of Acis, "Love in her eyes sits playing," and "Love sounds an alarm," Mr. George Perren, was very effective; but the former suits him best. Mr. Montem Smith gave the music of Damon in his usual musicianlike style, never offending in point of taste or art, yet seldom carrying away his hearers by his warmth or abandonment. Damon, however, in his singing does not necessitate any large amount of feeling or intensity, and Mr. Montem Smith is quite equal to the demands made in the part on his physical and mental powers. The glorious love song of Polyphemus, "O ruddier than the cherry," was powerfully sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and very liberally applauded. One of the most perfect achievements in the Pastoral was the melodious trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains," sung to perfection by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. George Perren and Lewis Thomas. Fortunately there were no encores, which made doubly enjoyable Handel's delicious and soul-soothing music.—At the eighth concert, on the 9th, the only novelty in the programme was the overture of Bargiel, which, being placed last, was not allowed a fair opportunity of being heard, as the audience, despite the printed exhortations of Mr. Manns, will begin to take their departure before the end of the performance, even while the last piece is being played. Of the overture we cannot pretend to offer an opinion. It was heard under great disadvantages, and the little we could make out with any distinctness left no impression on our minds. The overture to "Prometheus," Mr. Manns informs us, is one of Herr Bargiel's latest publications, and he devotes some twenty or thirty lines to an æsthetic analysis of its merits. From what we can understand Herr Manns considers it a greater work of art than the overture to "Semiramis." The symphony of Beethoven carried off the lion's share of the applause. It was indeed gloriously executed, and we have seldom witnessed an audience at the Palace Concerts so moved to enthusiasm. The "Allegretto Scherzando" literally created a furor, and was called for again with acclamations, and Mr. Manns compelled to repeat it. The romantic and beautifully-characteristic overture of Weber, brilliantly executed, made a brilliant beginning to the concert. The singing does not call for any special remarks. Although Mdlla Liebhart sang her three songs well, her great success was in Mr. Allan's new ballad, in which she seemed to please the audience mightily, who would be contented with nothing less than a repetition.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

THE civic throne of the City of London has passed to a new occupant. King Gabriel, is, mayoralty, defunct; and King Allen reigns in his stead. Mr. William Fordeley Allen, Alderman for the Ward of Cheap, has been well known in the City for many years past. He carried on the business of publisher to the East India Company during its former government of India, and had extensive premises in the neighbourhood of the ancient house in Leadenhall-street, now removed. During the last ten years he has been prominently identified with the Corporation of London, and nearly the whole of that time as a magistrate. In 1857 he served the office of Sheriff with the present Alderman Lawrence, M.P., in the mayoralty of Sir Robert Carden, and in the following year was elected Alderman for the Ward of Cheap on the resignation of Mr. R. H. Kennedy, who had represented it four years. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant for the City of London, and in politics a moderate Conservative. He has also the honour of being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He is still in the prime of life.

RUSSIAN NIHILISTS.

THE Russian Nihilists are severely satirized in a new comedy just produced at St. Petersburg under the title of "Democratic Heroism." The scene is laid at Moscow, the headquarters of the Pan Slavist and Nihilist parties. Morschanski, a young noble enthusiastically devoted to Nihilist principles, adopts the "heroic" determination of marrying Feluschka, his sister's chambermaid—not for love, but (like the hero of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh") for the patriotic object "of amalgamating the higher classes with the people." This determination is much admired by the hero's Nihilist friends, who hold a meeting at which there is more eating and drinking than talk, in celebration of Morschanski's "heroic step towards the emancipation of woman in Russia." Feluschka is present at the meeting, but shows a decided objection to be "emancipated," preferring to her noble lover the family coachman, who is "a far more splendid specimen of a man." Meanwhile, Morschanski's father becomes aware of his son's folly, and determines to cure him of it by feigning to approve his projected marriage. Feluschka, as the young heir's future bride, is treated in the house as one of the family, and is presented to Morschanski's fashionable friends. This of course gives rise to several comic scenes, in which Feluschka shows herself so *gauche* and ill-bred that the young "hero" soon repents of his heroic determination. Ultimately all is cleared up by the chambermaid declaring her love for the coachman, which gives Morschanski the opportunity of making another display of heroism, and at the same withdrawing from his engagement. He magnanimously resigns his rights to Feluschka's hand in behalf of the more favoured lover, and the play concludes amid the loudly expressed admiration of his friends at his self-denial.

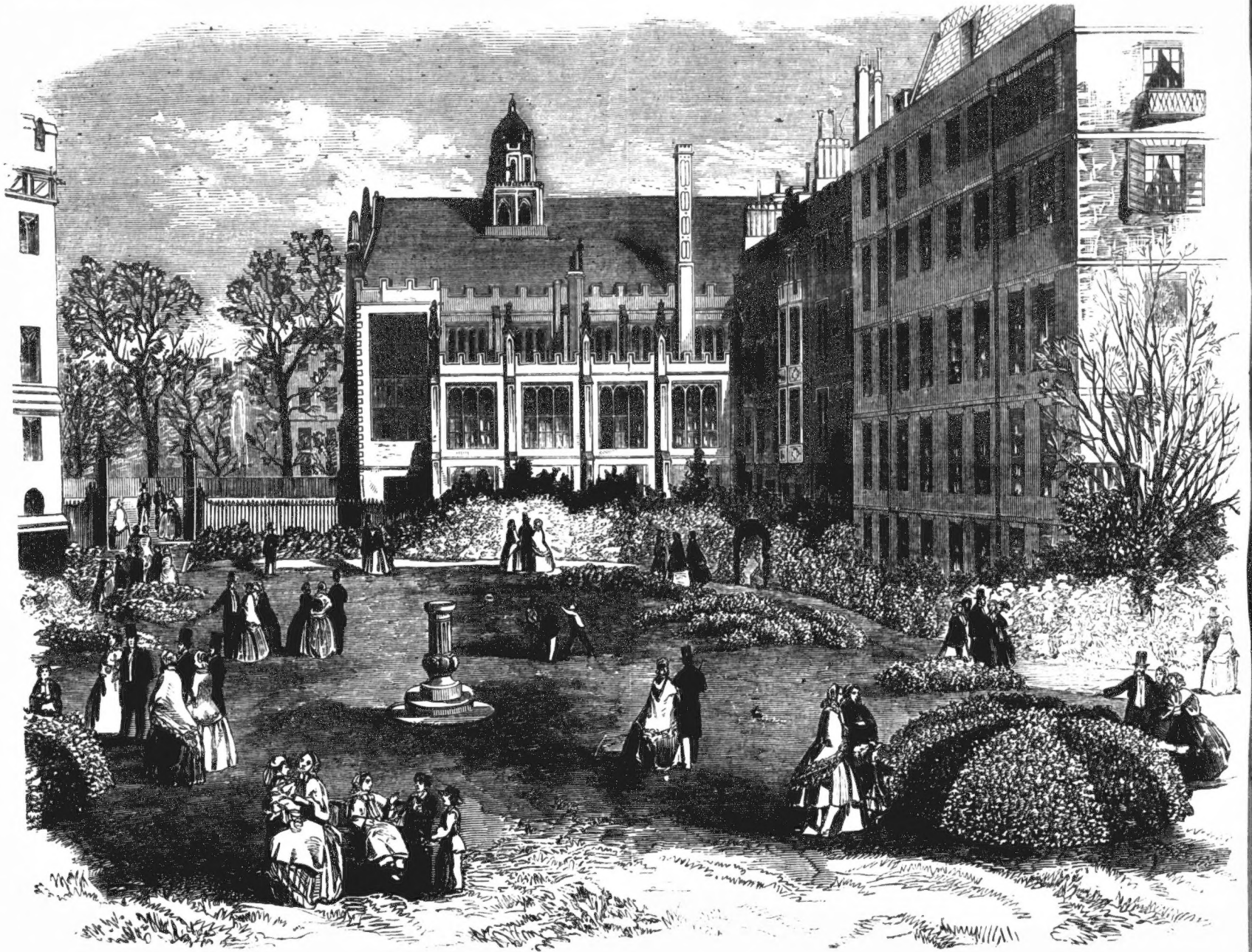
THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

EVERY year, about this time, as sure as the recurrence of the Lord Mayor's "show-day," have these gardens been "lit up" for the last quarter of a century with gaily-blossomed chrysanthemums. True, at first, there was some scarcity of varieties, but these have annually increased until now their name is legion. In the present season some excellent new kinds, have been added to the collections in both gardens. Mr. Broome's best border is at present in about as good condition as ever we remember to have seen it. Among others which it contains, the following are particularly worthy of notice—viz:—White Globe, large and fine; White and Yellow Beverley, White and Yellow Formosum, Jardin des Plantes, a brilliant yellow; Gloria Mundi, also a good yellow; Cherub, golden amber; Little Harry, nearly the same colour; White and Yellow Hermine, St. Patrick, ruby red; Dr. Sharpe, a bright crimson; Faust, crimson purple, a promising kind; General Slade, red; Prince Alfred, rosy crimson; Prince of Wales, dark purple; Rifleman, ruby; Hereward, purple; Ranunculus, purple maroon; Lady Harding, rose; White Queen; Sparkler, a charming little flower, red, with gold tips; Venus, lilac peach; Mrs. G. Rundle, a pure white new flower, compact and in every way excellent; Mr. Gladstone, dark chestnut; and Bernard Pallissy, orange.

Mr. Broome's beds on the lawn are also good. They are filled chiefly with the different varieties of Cedo Nulli, among which may now be found white, lilac, brown, and yellow-coloured sorts. These, when combined, have the advantage of coming all into bloom at the same time, a condition which adds much to their value as bedding plants.

THE SHARE OF THE FRENCH IN THE DEFEAT OF GARIBALDI.

THE French Government seems to be very shy of revealing what was the exact share its troops took in the rout of the Garibaldians at Montana. The *Moniteur* and *Patrie* speaks of the attack having been made by the Pontifical troops alone; but the *Pays* and even the semi-official *Etendard* confirm the assertion of the *Indépendance Belge* that the French soldiers also joined in the engagement. The narrative in the *Etendard* is doubtless substantially correct. According to this version of the affair, 5,000 French and Pontifical troops left Rome at 2 p.m. on Sunday, and took up position, the French under the command of General Polhes, the Pontificals under General Kanzler. At 4 p.m. the advanced posts of the Garibaldians were driven in, and shortly afterwards a general action commenced. The battle lasted four hours, and was all the more bitter because the Garibaldians numbered 10,000 men, who were for the most part entrenched. In the evening the Garibaldians showed symptoms of giving way; but in the darkness it was found difficult to ascertain the true position of affairs and fresh troops were summoned from Rome to sustain those engaged. In the night Montana capitulated and was occupied. At break of day Monte Rotondo was found evacuated. The Garibaldians fled in all directions, their *corps d'armée* having been literally destroyed. The allies found on the field of battle 500 dead and wounded; 1,600 prisoners were made and five guns captured. The French and the Pontificals are said to have lost 150 men. There appears to be very little doubt that the French really were engaged, that they were armed with Chassepot rifles, and that a portion at least of the Pontifical troops also carried the same formidable weapon, supplied to them from the French stores. In



THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

THE MAN OF ONE HORSE.

NOTHING strikes us more in the hunting-field than the fastidious indolence of men who are every day in the saddle. They will hardly take the trouble to be on the look-out for sport unless they be at some pet covert, or riding a favourite horse. If the wind blow, or the sun shine, if the land clog a little or be too dry, if it be the dog pack instead of the bitches, or the bitch pack instead of the dogs, if the wood be large, or foxes reported to be scarce, or if, by any not uncommon chance, these gentlemen shall have got out of bed on the wrong side in the morning, all hope of hunting is over for that day. A man who has only one day in the week to give to his amusement is more chary with his hopes before he relinquishes them. And as for the man with the one horse—! But here, gentle reader, if you will permit the solecism, we will leave for a few minutes the authoritative grandiosity of the plural number, and approach you with a closer personification. He who now writes these words, possibly for your advantage, ostensibly for your delectation, was a man with one horse for some eight years of his hunting life, and he flatters himself that he saw what hunting was. He knows, at any rate, that he enjoyed hunting then as he has not enjoyed it since, and may never hope to do again. And he feels, also, that when he sees a young man with only one day at his command, and only one horse belonging to him,—and with the proper sort of spirit within that young man's hunting gear,—he envies that young man as he never has envied any other human being on the earth.—*Saint Pauls.*

Mr. Dale's best flowers, like those of Mr. Broome, are under cover. The most beautiful among them are Sparkler, gold, tipped reddish brown; White Globe, Jardin des Plantes, Antonelli, Hetty Barker, pinkish lilac; Lady Slade, the old bright reddish brown coloured Orlando, Mrs. George Rundle, Vesta, Nil Desperandum, Fleur de Marie, and Prince of Anemones, the last a fine pink sort. His beds this year are also good. The contents of two large circular ones are especially worthy of notice. In the centre of No. 1 is Gerbe d'Or, yellow; then come bands of Aurora Borealis, orange; Mr. Murray, crimson; Miss Talfourd, white; La Lilliputian, reddish brown; and Canrobert, yellow. No. 2 contains, in addition to the varieties just named, Salomon and Duruflet. The best self-coloured beds consist of Salomon, a bright crimson sort very suitable for masses; Comte Achille Vigier, though a very old sort, is also beautiful, its blossoms having a bright red centre surrounded by a broad well-defined margin of yellowish buff. Another bed contains Aurora Borealis, edged with Canrobert. In borders we noticed a pretty little crimson Pompon called Florence, which is very attractive.

In both gardens the flowers of most varieties are at their best this week, and are well worth inspecting.

THE Great Eastern Company has curtailed its train service this month, and has entirely suspended Sunday trains on some of the small country branches—the Lynn and Hunstanton, the Tending Hundred, &c.

any case, the simple facts are that before the French arrived Garibaldi had compelled the Papal forces to evacuate the provinces, and to concentrate themselves for the protection of Rome, and that it was the arrival of the French which released the Papal troops from their confinement in the capital, and enabled them to rally forth against the Garibaldians, with the advantage of strong reinforcements from abroad.

ITALIAN INTERVENTION.—It is stated in Paris on good authority that on the eve of the Italian troops crossing the Papal frontier the French Government sent a despatch to Florence positively refusing its consent to a joint intervention of France and Italy in the Papal territories. The despatch was sent immediately after the conclusion of a warm discussion in the Ministerial Council on the subject, in the course of which Prince Napoleon and M. de Lavalette strongly advocated a compliance with the demand of Italy for the concurrence of France in a joint intervention, while M. de Moustier and the Empress, and ultimately M. Rouher and the Emperor, took the opposite view. None of the Ministers anticipated that Italy would enter the Papal territories in spite of the disapproval of France. On learning what the Italians had done the Emperor immediately had a long conference with the Foreign Minister and Marshal Niel, the result of which was that a telegram strongly protesting against the Italian intervention was sent to Florence.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

BREECH-LOADERS.

AMONG the advantages of breech-loading military rifles mention is frequently made of the impossibility of disabling these arms by overloading. By overloading is meant not the introduction of too large a charge or of too heavy a bullet, but the introduction successively of charge after charge until the barrel is choked up, to an extent little dreamed of, and perhaps deemed incredible by those who know nothing of the the confusion and terror and excitement of a fierce battle. We have lately stumbled across the official report of the examination of the arms collected on the battle-field of Gettysburg, which we presume may be accepted as literally accurate, and which affords us such a curious insight into the condition of mind of even veteran and very gallant soldiers in a hot action, that we think the following extract is well worth reprinting:—"Of the whole number of arms received (27,574) we found at least 24,000 loaded. About one-half of them contained two loads each; one-fourth from three to ten loads each, and the balance one load each. In many of these guns from two to six balls have been found with only one charge of powder. In some the balls have been found at the bottom of the bore, with the charge of powder on top of the ball. Twenty-three loads were found in one Springfield rifle musket, each load in regular order. Twenty-two balls and sixty-two buck shot, with a corresponding quantity of powder all mixed up together, were found in one percussion smooth-bore musket. In many of the smooth-bore guns, model of 1842, of rebel make, we have found a wad of loose paper between the powder and the ball, and another wad of the same kind on top of the ball, the ball having been put into the gun naked. About six thousand of the arms were found loaded with Johnson and Dow's cartridges; many of these cartridges were about half-way down the barrels of the guns, and in many cases the ball end of the cartridge had been put into the gun first. These cartridges were found mostly in the Enfield rifle musket." When we are

THE WALRUS IN REGENT'S PARK.

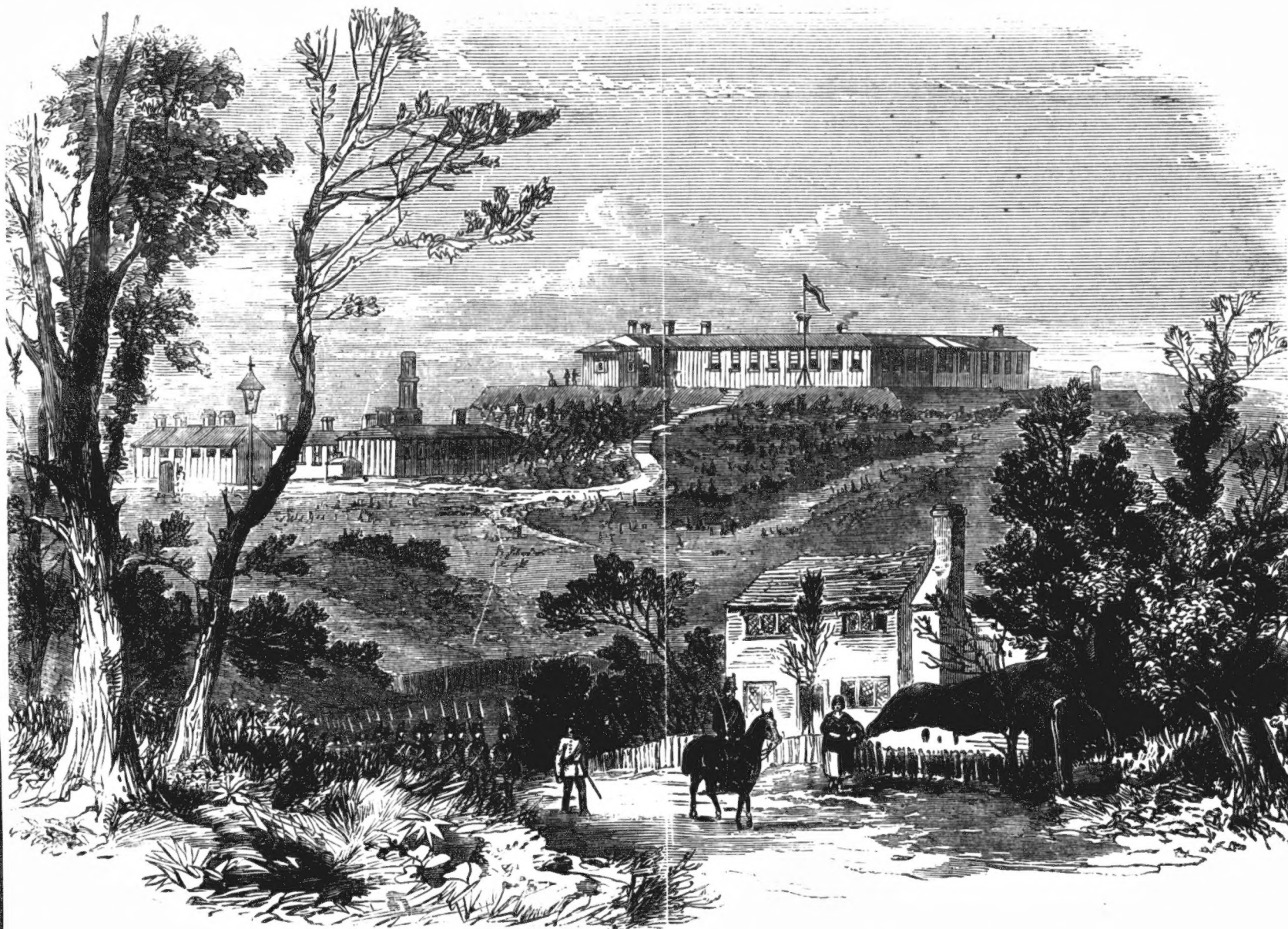
In 1853, the Zoological Society of London received a living specimen of a Walrus, which had been brought home in a vessel engaged in the seal-fishery on the coast of Spitzbergen, by Captain Henry, of Peterhead.

This animal, however, was in a moribund state on its arrival, and lived only a few days in the Gardens. Since that time, the Council of the Society have made many attempts to obtain another example of this interesting animal, but it was only last week that their efforts were crowned with success, and a second live Walrus received in the Society's Gardens.

This present animal, which gives every sign of strong health, feeds well, principally on mussels and whelks denuded of their shells, with an occasional diet of more solid material, in the shape of fish. It was captured in Davis's Straits, by Captain Richard Wells, of the steam whaler Arctic, belonging to Messrs. Alexander Stephen and Co., of Dundee, on the 28th of August last. A herd of from 200 to 300 of these animals was met with on the ice by the Arctic, in lat. 69 deg. N., long. 34 deg. W. A boat's crew was landed on the ice, and the herd attacked, and several individuals killed, among which was a large female. The body of the latter attached to the boat, and rowed towards the vessel, was followed by a young male, who swam and dived around, and refused to quit his deceased parent. This being noted, he was captured by a noose swung over his head and one forelimb from the ship, and hauled on board. For some days the captive was kept tied to a ring-bolt on deck, and refused food altogether. Subsequently it was induced to swallow thin slices of boiled pork, and was thus fed until the vessel reached the Shetlands, when a supply of fresh mussels was provided for its use. A large box with openings at the sides was fabricated, and the animal, secured therein, was brought safely into Dundee on the 16th ult. From that port to London the walrus was conveyed in the steamer Anglia, under the care of

CRIME IN ENGLAND.

THE repression and detection of crime in this country, to judge by the lately published volume of judicial statistics, is not in a satisfactory condition. We have no means of ascertaining the number of offences which altogether escape both punishment and notice; though experienced men tell us that almost certainly not one in five (of crimes against property at least) ever come to light. But we learn from the blue book referred to that only a small proportion of crimes known to the police are traced home and punished. Thus, in 1866, only 27,000 were apprehended in consequence of 50,000 indictable (i.e. grave) offences known to have been committed; only 19,000 of these 27,000 were sent to trial; and only 14,700 convicted and sentenced, or not much more than one person punished for every four offences. The case of summary jurisdiction looks better; 339,000 persons were punished out of 482,000 brought before the magistrates. But it is in the gravest cases—those of murder—that the disproportion between crime and punishment is the most startling. The number of verdicts of murder recorded by coroners' juries was 272, the police only admit 131 as coming under their cognizance, and for these 124 persons were apprehended. Of these 124, however, only 94 were committed, only 55 were actually tried, only 26 found guilty, and only 12 executed; that is to say, only one murderer was hanged and one other sentenced to penal servitude for every ten murders certainly, and every twenty probably, committed. Can either life or property be said to be secure in England? It may be interesting to compare these facts with the corresponding ones relating to Scotland and Ireland. In England and Scotland the convictions reach 75 per cent. of the committals; in Ireland only 58 per cent. This, however, is a great improvement on twenty years since, when the proportion was 47 per cent. The indictable offences recorded as known to the police in 1865 in Ireland was 9,766; the number of persons apprehended was 6,718, of whom only 4,657 were commit-



THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ALDERSHOT.

told officially that at least 12,000 men fought at Gettysburg, who, not knowing or caring whether their muskets had gone off, rammed home a second charge, and that at least half these men went on ramming home charges, for the most part topsy-turvy, until they were shot down or could ram no longer, we are better able to appreciate the value of an arm with which such overloading could not occur.

PARIS AT NIGHT.—A stroll in the streets at night was another intention. In a walk of three miles I saw hundreds—at one place I made out two hundred—of people sitting outside the cafés and wine shops, at small round tables, drinking wine, seltz, beer, &c. They seemed very comfortable, however strange it might look to others. The wine does not seem of an intoxicating kind, though it might be efficacious in quantities. I know a glass of beer drunk in some places will either stupefy or intoxicate more than half a bottle of the ordinary wine drunk here. It seems just to lift the spirits, and has a tendency to make home and friends not quite so far off. For a quenching drink, syrups, wine, and seltz-water are very nice. The people are in very gay mood, but not boisterous; none of the ragged and dirty misery to be seen any time in our own gin-palaces. There was very good order, no quarrelling, but they seemed to be trading easy, quiet, and accustomed enjoyment. I did not see the homes of these people.—*Saint Pauls.*

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & Co's, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & Co. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

the Society's experienced superintendent, Mr. A. D. Bartlett. The walrus is a male, with partially-developed tusks, about the same size as the sea-bear lately in the Society's Gardens, but more bulky in appearance. Although probably not a year old, it is eight feet long, and weighs, perhaps, 2½ cwt. Its arrival in the Zoological Society's Gardens will, no doubt, attract a host of visitors. The sum given for it is stated to have been £200.

We have authority to state that Mr. Stephen Temple, Q.C., the leader of the Northern Circuit (and not Mr. Brett), will be appointed the Attorney-General for the County Palatine of Lancaster, in the place of the late Mr. Edward James, Q.C., M.P.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

ted for trial, and only 2,661 convicted—i.e. three-fourths of the crimes committed escaped unpunished. In the same year there were 70 coroners' verdicts for murder, but only 58 murders admitted and recorded by the police. For these 57 persons were apprehended, but only 29 brought to trial, and only 5 convicted; thus eleven out of twelve murders would appear to have enjoyed impunity. Such at least are the figures of the blue book.

A SUNDAY IN FRANCE.—It was difficult to believe, as the train passed on, that it was Sunday morning, so quiet and peaceful at home. There was mowing and shearing, waggons laden with corn and timber, barges loading with stone, quarrymen working, and builders and bricklayers. In fact, it did not seem Sunday with anybody or anything. If it did not on the road, it did not in Paris. The first sight outside the station was a very large placard on which was depicted the conventional devil, horns, tail, and hoofs, with the title of the "Good Devil." There may be doubt about the correctness of the likeness, but I have no doubt that it is the doing of that personage that the French workman has been cajoled out of his Sunday, and he at any rate has no reason to call him the "Good Devil." The French workman may get his holidays;—no doubt he does; but this is one that should be taken, like meals, at regular and stated times. He gets them at any rate, but not regular. I thought it was to be seen in his movements. He seems as if he had the whole three hundred and sixty-five days to do his work in, and no need to hurry; an easy-going manner that looks like apathy, and not a "go in" for six days, and then rest. This applies to both country and city workmen.—*Saint Pauls.*

THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S.—*La Traviata*. Eight.
 DRURY LANE.—*The Dog of Venice—The Ladies' Club*. Seven.
 HAYMARKET.—*The Winning Card—Our American Cousin—Fish out of Water*. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—*Man is not Perfect, nor Woman Either—Maud's Peril—The School for Tigers*. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—*The Mistress of the Mill—(At Eight)*. Hamlet. Seven.
 PRINCESS.—*A Little Flirtation—(At a Quarter to Eight)*. Arrah-na-Pogue—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—*The Way to get Married—If I had a Thousand a Year—My Wife's Bonnet*. Seven.
 ST. JAMES'S.—*A Story of Procida—(At Eight)*. A Widow Hunt—Fifteen Years of Labour Lost. Seven.
 STRAND.—*The French Exhibition—Kind to a Fault—William Tell with a Vengeance*. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—*The Double Marriage—The First Night*. Seven.
 HOLBORN.—*For Love—(At Nine)*. Mary Turner. Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—*Caste—Allow me to Explain*. Half-past Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—*Meg's Diversion—(At Half-past Nine)*. The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Mrs. White. Half-past Seven.
 ASTLEY'S.—*That Rascal Jack—Mazeppa—Middy Ashore*. Seven.
 NEW EAST LONDON.—*The Last Moment—Time Tries All*.
 BRITANNIA.—*The Spanish Page—Marriage Certificate—Wild Charlie*.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—*New Comic Ballet and Scenes in the Arena—Paul Dasse—Performing Ponies, Dogs, and Monkeys—The Kings of the Carpet, &c.* Half-past Seven.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

J. T.—We shall not publish the views you mention at present.
 R. BOND.—Send it, with full particulars, and it shall be considered.
 IAGO.—If you were born at midnight exactly, how can you have a birthday?
 C. R.—"Opened by" is passive.
 SALTATOR.—What do you mean by a dancing book?
 JULIET.—It is not true—the bookseller has deceived you.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

THE FRIENDSHIP OF FRANCE.

WE believe there can be little doubt that England, whose name was once so terrible by land and sea throughout the world, is rapidly sinking into a position, which, to speak mildly, does not render her one of the first great military powers. We take little more part in continental politics than Holland or Sweden, and the whole energy of the nation seems to be directed into a money-grubbing channel. Ask nine men out of ten if they approve of the sort of undignified rest we are enjoying, and the answer will be to the effect that we have made history enough, become a great and a rich nation, and that we have a right to sit down each under his own big tree and enjoy the material prosperity we have earned. This being the case, and Mammon being all, it is no mean advantage to enjoy the friendship of such a man as Louis Napoleon. The reception of the new British Ambassador at Paris has furnished the Emperor with an opportunity of reiterating an assurance of his friendship and esteem for the Sovereign of this country, and of the importance which he attaches to the maintenance of the English alliance. The sincerity of these professions can be doubted by no one who has studied the career of Louis Napoleon since he has been ruler of France. Amidst all the doubts and mysteries which have been raised by a policy not always clear and decided, there has never been any reason to question the loyalty of the Emperor's attachment to the country with which personally as well as politically he has been so closely connected all his life. In this one respect, at least, Napoleon has proved that he comprehends the true interests of peace and of civilisation. Possessed of a knowledge of England and of the English character not equalled, perhaps, by any of his subjects, the Emperor has as at all times known how to turn this special qualification to an advantage which we are glad to think is reciprocal. Steady in the English alliance, and perfectly well acquainted with its value, he has acquired

for himself an element of stability, and for France a basis of power and prosperity such as no French Sovereign ever before was fortunate enough to secure. We do not recall the Emperor's friendship for England to remind our neighbour of an obligation. We are fully persuaded that the advantages of the alliance are mutual, and that, in fact, they must be so in order to be real and lasting. England, as well as France, is a gainer by the friendship between the two nations—a friendship which is the surest pledge of peace and harmony to Europe, and which on the one side and on the other is fruitful of many blessings. The "Melancholy Exile," as Napoleon has been called, had an excellent opportunity of studying the English during his residence in London. He met with many friends, not one of whom he has forgotten in his day of prosperity, and if his recollections of our soil are not all rose-coloured, he has nevertheless much reason to like us collectively as a nation; but this would not sway so clever a man as Napoleon the Third. He can see the solid advantage of an alliance with Great Britain. The prejudices of centuries are being dissipated, commerce is extended between the two countries, and the time may come when France and England will set an example to the other Powers of Europe, by mutually reducing their armaments, and placing their armies and navies on a peace footing. At the present moment it is especially gratifying to all those who have the cause of peace and of true liberty at heart, to know there is a perfect concord between the two Powers on all subjects in which they have a common interest. In whatever questions that may arise out of the germs of the existing complications, we are confident that these friendly relations will continue. It is not easy to conceive, in fact, any event likely to disturb the peace between France and England, which would not be as great a calamity for one country as for the other. There are continental questions, it is true, in which France is more nearly interested than ourselves, and there may be some part of the Imperial policy which we may not at all points be prepared to approve. But there is no reason why any divergence of opinion or difference in policy should lead to the suspension of that cordiality which for nearly a whole generation has prevailed between the two ancient rivals on each side of the Channel. The English critics of the Emperor's policy are too often inclined to forget that they are viewing his conduct through English eyes—that the exigencies and the obligations of his position are peculiar to a sovereign of France—that he has concerns and duties which affect England scarcely at all, and with which we have, by the nature of the case, an imperfect sympathy. France, as a continental and Catholic power, has interests and sympathies with which England need be little occupied. We have to remember, also, that it is easier for us to cultivate peace than it is for some of our neighbours. We are comparatively remote from some of the questions which must deeply affect the nations on the Continent, and our position is by nature better defined and more secure. It is not necessary to the maintenance of amicable relations with France that we should think precisely alike on all subjects, or that we should be agreed on all points of policy. It is only desirable that we should extend to our neighbour the same honourable confidence which we expect from him, that in all matters of conduct he will be guided by a wise and disinterested regard for the peace of the world and the welfare of civilisation. The policy of the Emperor, hitherto, has been marked by so much discretion and moderation as to enable us to form the happiest auguries of the success of Lord Lyons' ambassadorship. Of the two questions which now chiefly occupy diplomacy, that of Rome has but a secondary interest for England. We have only that share of concern in it which belongs to us as a member of the family of European nations. We desire such a settlement as may satisfy the just aspirations of Italy, and be a guarantee for the future peace of that country. It is evident that the present position of affairs is most unsatisfactory, and that some new arrangement must be made for the preservation of order in the Papal dominions. But with the terms of that arrangement it is not our business to interfere. As a Protestant Power, our interference could not be accepted as entirely impartial, and unless it were so, it would be both useless and undignified to offer it. But as we have no real interest in the temporal affairs of the Pope, we can have no hesitation in expressing our hope that they may be settled, as far as it is possible, rather in accordance with the wishes of the people of Italy and of Rome than according to the sentiment, the ambition, or the convenience of any foreign Powers. The friendly assurances of the French Emperor to Lord Lyons encourage us to believe that on this, as on all other questions, there is still a perfect accord between France and England. Although we have no confidence in Lord Derby or his ministers as peace preservers, we trust the country at large will discountenance any attempt on their part to disturb our friendly relations with France. There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. Unhappily, a Tory generally chooses the latter, but a Liberal Parliament is not a bad check, and the best defenders of a nation are the people themselves, who, through their representatives, can guide the helm pretty much as they wish. Blunder as they may, the Tories have no great power for evil. They are somewhat like dried snakes, and we reiterate our confidence in the stability of the Anglo-French alliance. May it be perpetual!

The *London Gazette* states that the Queen has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon Dr. Travers Twiss, Her Majesty's Advocate General, who succeeded to that position on the promotion of Dr. Phillimore to the Deanery of Arches; and also the official announcement of the preferment of the Rev. A. Boyd to the Deanery of Exeter.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE MANCHESTER FENIANS.

WE hold that morally the arguments for the respite and the execution of the Fenian convicts at Manchester are nearly equal, and the final decision must be made on grounds of policy, upon which the Government only can decide. There is little doubt that the effect of the execution in Ireland will be most mischievous; that the condemned men will be considered martyrs, and a new item will be added to the long account which, as the peasantry maintain, Great Britain has incurred. But there can be little doubt either that an epidemic of violence has broken out among our own population, which, though not new in our annals, is new in this century, and which, new or old, requires severe and decisive repression. In England, the effect of a commutation of punishment will therefore be probably injurious, even if it does not deepen the existing dislike of the mass of English workmen to the Irish colonists among them; and the real question for Mr. Hardy is the comparative importance of the two evils, a comparison which only a Government aware of facts which the public does not know, of the extent of Irish disaffection and the extent of English lawlessness, can make with accuracy or confidence. The case is one of the very few in politics in which the judgment of men not weighted with the responsibility of actual decision is of very little value, or as little value as the judgment of a bystander on the rider's best method of quieting a restive horse. All journalists can say that there is no law of morality which compels us to put these men to death, and no law which makes their execution immoral; that the apparent policy or impolicy of severity is, on the surface, about equal, and that the Government which sees below the surface is the only tribunal which can finally decide. If, in their judgment also, the scales hang even, then the special plea in favour of Allen, that he is just at the age when political passion most inflames the brain, ought to have the weight it ought to have in ordinary times.—*Spectator*.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Upon the whole the plain state of the money market is, that the capital is most abundant, as is shown by the bill brokers' rates and the very face of Lombard-street; and our bullion is not likely to have greater demands on it than last year, if so great, because the new countries from which this year we buy unusual corn have not so great demands upon us as those from which we have of late years bought extraordinary values of cotton, and because India, to which we had last year to pay so much, is a far more bullion-taking country than any other, perhaps more so than all others added together.—*Economist*.

THE BARROW MEN.

We plead for the costermonger against the new Traffic Act. There has not been such a legislative blunder as that Act since Lord Robert Grosvenor's attempt to close all beer-houses on Sunday. It is perfectly inexcusable. The argument that these poor men interrupt street traffic to an annoying degree is visibly untrue. It would not pay any costermonger to stand in the way of thick traffic, for customers will not buy where they are very much pushed, and the costermongers themselves cannot run the risk of an overturn from passing carriages. The one argument is the one urged by the shopkeepers, that it is not fair to let men who do not pay rates compete with men who do, and it is silly as well as unjust—silly because the same argument would compel Parliament to prohibit little drapers who pay £10 a year in rates from competing with the great mercers who pay £100; unjust because the costermonger pays everything the law orders him to pay, pedlar's licence usually included, pays all indirect taxes, and through his rent all the direct taxes to which Parliament has made him liable. As if to add to the absurdity, he is proscribed not because of his trade, but because of the tray on which he piles his goods. So far from being a nuisance, costermongering is in two ways a pursuit of the highest benefit to the community. It is the one pursuit to which the ruined or the nearly destitute can easily betake themselves. Yet, while beggars swarm in the same street, and the footway is almost impassable for the Arabs, these poor creatures are ordered off by the Legislature into the workhouse. This is oppression, if ever there was any, and that not the less because, while ruining the costermongers, the Act involves a heavy blow to their customers. The barrow men are the only purveyors for some articles to the very poor, who but for them would never taste fruit or fish or fresh vegetables, potatoes excepted, and who use the "costers" as their only efficient check upon the tradespeople who "pay rates," and who make customers pay them too.—*Spectator*.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

We contend, in opposition to the Bishop of Oxford, that missionary operations have practically failed in India. The fault, however, has not rested so much with the missionary societies or their representatives as with the Government and the Anglo-Indian population. The Bishop talks of the conversion of the hundred and fifty millions of our fellow subjects in India as if it were an undertaking for which the people of these islands, who have their own poor to succour and their own heathen to convert, were exclusively responsible. He has no word of rebuke or counsel to offer to those in the country itself, who talk so glibly of "potting Pandies," who ridicule "the nigger" as an inferior being, who will not associate with him as an equal, and who look upon India simply as a place for gaining official preferment or making money. The expenses of the Sultan's ball were fastened upon the Indian Exchequer; and the same fund will, unless Parliament interfere, be saddled with the pay of the Indian troops engaged in the Abyssinian expedition. Does he suppose that the Hindoo or the Mussulman is such a dolt that he does not contrast the missionary's talk about honesty with the equivocal conduct of a Christian Government in putting its hands in this manner into other people's pockets? The Bishop says that the mutiny was a warning sent by God. We think it revolting to all that is holy and sacred to attribute to the Almighty any hand in the bloodthirsty acts of Nana Sahib. Not even Mahomet himself could have broached a more presumptuous dogma. If the Bishop had said that the mutiny was the natural fruit of a vicious and unchristian policy he would have been far nearer the truth. It is to be hoped that this is what he really meant, and that his influence will be exerted both in and out of Parliament, and so far as may be possible, in India itself, to enforce the good faith of this country in all its relations with the natives, and to impress upon our Anglo-Indian fellow subjects the duty of doing the work of missionaries by living the lives of Christians.—*Star*.

THE QUESTION OF ALLEGIANCE.

The attempt of the Fenians to found a quarrel between the United States and England on the question of allegiance was plausible enough to please the Fenian imagination; but Mr. Seward himself will hesitate to claim a right of interfering with the theory or the practice of English domestic jurisprudence. The arbitrary inference that the claim of continued allegiance might in some other case be vexatiously enforced, furnishes no ground of complaint until the case has actually occurred. The supposed instances of the founders of the American Republic happen to be utterly inapplicable; for when the independence of the colonies was recognized in 1783, the allegiance of the revolted subjects of the English Crown was, by a necessary inference, transferred to the Government of the United States. The condition of later emigrants would be regulated by the general rule of English law; nor can it be denied that cases of hardship and injustice might result from the enforcement of the ancient doctrine. Several European countries permit emigrants to renounce their allegiance, requiring

them at the same time to forfeit the rights which they previously enjoyed; and there is no reason why English law should not allow a similar licence, on condition that the change of domicile is absolute and final. When an Irishman who has become an American citizen resumes a share in Irish politics, he necessarily sacrifices the immunities which he may have acquired by his transfer of allegiance. If Kossuth, who was lately an American citizen, were to violate the laws of Hungary, he would undoubtedly be dealt with as a subject of the Hungarian Crown. It is absurd to contend that an Irishman can, by a few years of ratiocination in the United States, acquire the right to be tried for felony or treason, in his native country, by a mixed jury.—*Saturday Review*.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The subsidence of the Italian storm is so evident, that the recent policy of the Emperor Napoleon may be reviewed with something like impartiality. In sending an army to Civita Vecchia, Louis Napoleon stood on his right. The King's Government had formally and freely undertaken to abstain from aggression on the Pontifical States—or, in other words, to forego for the present, and until further arrangements, the prize of an Italian capital. As it was perfectly understood that this forbearance would be distasteful to the Revolutionary party, as it was fully anticipated that the impatience of Garibaldi and his friends might hurry them against the barrier erected by the Convention, it was further stipulated that Victor Emmanuel, besides abstaining from aggression himself, should prevent aggression on the part of others—that is, should suppress all such insurrectionary movements as those now witnessed. It was also foreseen that the King's Government might be placed in such a position as to be unable, if not unwilling, to act against an enthusiastic and popular party among its own subjects, and therefore the Emperor of the French reserved also to himself that "freedom of action" by virtue of which he assumed the duty which Victor Emmanuel had left undischarged. The alternative before the French Government was simple. Either the French must go to Civita Vecchia or Garibaldi must be permitted to go to Rome. If Garibaldi had been allowed to go to Rome the consequences would have been embarrassing. The Pope and the Pope's friends in France might fairly have asked for that protection which the Convention had guaranteed them; and if this request were disregarded the Emperor might have been represented as conniving at the destruction of his own work. If Louis Napoleon saw fit, as he might some day have seen, to revise the terms of the September Convention, the proceeding was at his own discretion; but it could hardly be thought to his credit to allow the Convention to be broken in his despite by the very party against which his precautions had been originally taken. The revolutionists took it upon themselves to say that the Emperor's work should not stand, and he may be excused for refusing to brook the defiance and the affront.—*Times*.

THE HURRICANE AT ST. THOMAS'S.

Looking at the destructive character of such storms as that which has just swept over St. Thomas's, their terrible frequency, and the importance of the navigation which has its track in the region where they spend their fury, it is natural to ask whether we may not hope that our present helpless subjection to their power will one day disappear. Even these wild tumults of the elements, as we imagine them, have their laws, which we are gradually coming to understand. The subject has received much elucidation during the last twenty years, and, thanks to the labours of General Reid, Captain Maury, Mr. Piddington, and others, our seamen are now in possession of a body of practical information as to the way of avoiding hurricanes and managing ships in them, which will prove useful in saving life and property. But when all has been done, the navigation of these seas from August to the end of October will still remain a service of peril, and we shall have to look to our sailors for that hardy spirit of adventure which from the days of the buccanniers has been displayed in the Colombian Archipelago. The Royal Mail packets keep up our communications not only with the West Indies and Mexico, but with the Pacific coast of South America and New Zealand, while the inter-oceanic trade via the Isthmus of Panama is as yet in its infancy. Our seamen are always ready to assume with alacrity the risks of the most dangerous services; it should be our care that they are well rewarded and held in due honour.—*Daily News*.

THE NUPTIALS OF THE KING OF GREECE AND THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA CONSTANTINOVNA.

This eagerly anticipated event came off at St. Petersburg, on the 27th of October.

On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, the guns bristling on the fortress announced to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg that the marriage of her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Olga Constantinovna with his Majesty the King of the Greeks would be celebrated during the day. The official programme had stated that the ceremony would take place at eight o'clock in the evening at the Imperial Chapel of the Winter Palace. A few minutes to eight the Imperial procession proceeded from the august bride's apartments to the Great Chapel of the Palace. When it entered the Concert Hall a salvo of twenty-one guns was fired from the fortress.

Eight o'clock struck when the procession came to the church. Under the porch the Emperor, King George, and his bride, and the Imperial family, were received by Monsignor Isidore, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, the members of the Holy Synod, and the clergy of the Imperial Chapel. The Metropolitan offered the holy water to the august personages. The religious service then began in that impressive manner peculiar to the Greek.

The service over, the Emperor, the King and the Queen, and other members of the Imperial family, accompanied by the Lady of Honour appointed to superintend the toilet of the august bride, proceeded to the private apartments, at the threshold of which the newly-married couple were welcomed by the Cæsarevitch and the Cæsarevna, who presented them with the holy image, bread, and salt. According to the religious tradition of the Greek Church, that holy image is a talisman to married people.

Our illustration represents a procession of Circassian chiefs and others on the occasion.

MEDICINE BY THE NOSE.—A French medical paper contains an article contributed by Dr. Raimbert, on a system he has recently adopted for introducing medicines into the animal economy through the nose. The pituitary membrane, he observes, has been hitherto quite neglected by physicians as an organ of absorption, the only use made of it having been restricted to irritating it for the purpose of exciting stenutation. Dr. Raimbert, however, having remarked that a powder composed of calomel red precipitate, and sugar candy, and administered like snuff in a case of ozena, had caused salivation, thought it highly probable that the nose might become a vehicle for other substances too, especially in the various affections of the head. Actuated by this idea, he prescribed a powder composed of one gr. of marsh-mallow and five centigrams of morphia, in the case of a gentleman, aged 30, who while labouring under a severe attack of influenza, accompanied with coryza, experienced a violent pain in the left sub-orbital nerve. This pain had lasted twenty-four hours, had prevented his night's rest, and increased by fits. The above powder was taken by the patient in pinches, like snuff, at the rate of one pinch every second or third hour. In the evening the pain abated, the patient slept well the whole night, and on the following day every trace of pain had disappeared. In a similar manner Dr. Raimbert cured a violent headache by a mixture of two gms. of finely porphyrised sugar, and five centigrams of hydrochlorate of morphia. He also mentioned a case of tooth-ache in a patient aged 62, and another in a young man of 19. The former was considerably relieved, and the latter perfectly cured, by two gms. of sugar and ten centig. of hydrochlorate of morphia.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is with satisfaction that we announce that the rifled popgun is about to be placed in the hands of the infantry. As an arm of precision this breech-loader will, no doubt, be a great improvement on the noisy but ineffective weapon hitherto employed in the nurseries of British valour.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.—When did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plough the ocean? In the days of Cæsar.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.—The brain.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Julia (reads): "A palace lifting to eternal summer

Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower

Of coolest foliage muscled with birds,

Whose songs should syllable thy name! * * *

Doth thou like the picture?"

Isn't it beautiful, Augustus?"

Augustus (Civil Service, but no post): "Oh, uncommonly! But my dear girl, you know we shall never be able to do that sort of thing on our five hundred a-year!"

A COMPANY WITH A QUEER NAME.—A joint-stock association is advertised under the name of Accident Insurance Company (Limited). One might think that the surest of all accident insurance societies would be a mismanaged railway company, with signalmen and point-men underpaid. Limited liability for the consequences of parsimony or carelessness insures numerous accidents on most lines.

MACRUS ON POSTERS.—"Hang out your banners on the outward walls."

SEVERE.—Elderly Equestrian: "Good morning, Kitty. Are you riding without a groom? I should not like to do so!"—Kitty: "Why not, Aunt, dear? You are quite old enough to take care of yourself!"

FROM THE (Y) EAST.—The Romford ale, we are told, is in great request in India. This is not surprising, for what finer mart could be found for the beer of Ind than India?

FUN.

"THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER."—Gold.

QUANTUM MUTATUS.—Mr. Organ, Inspector of Released Convicts in Ireland, in a paper lately read at Belfast, announces that by procuring employment for prisoners immediately on discharge, and by inspiring them with a sense of personal obligation to him, he has been enabled to restore large numbers to honesty and respectability. Such an amelioration of the felon is indeed an Organ-to change, and we should like to see a good many instruments playing the same tune!

OUT AND SHAVE.—A Bavarian journal, the "Gazette de Kempten," announced its intention to publish daily a bulletin "des menages," in which the canards of the day will be kept distinct from the authentic news. It would be well if our English papers would take the hint, and have the sub-editorial department thus divided under the right heads, thought it might not be always easy to keep the canards to their separate pen. The wielder of the scissors might at least keep all the sheer absurdities in a column by themselves.

CIVILIZATION.—The only daughter of the Indian chief "Spotted Tail" is finishing her education at Omaha, where she learns Italian and music. Of course the young lady cannot bear the odious name by which her father is known, and so we suppose she is called Miss Peacock, by those who teach her to play the peahen!

"GOUSET, GOUSET, GANDER!"—The chief French restaurateur at the Paris Exhibition is reported to be a bankrupt, and his liabilities are estimated at 1,500,000 francs. There can be no doubt that the grasping meanness and mismanagement of the Imperial Commission must be held responsible for his failure. This is not the only instance in which they fratricidally killed the Gouset with the golden eggs.

A WORD AND A BLOW.

Quoth Tompkins "This gale has now lasted a week,

Yet is still high as ever, thinks I!"

Quoth Jones "You're not far for the reason to seek—

It's blown so, of course, 'twill be high!"

BUTCHER-SURGEONS.—The butchers have held a meeting at Northampton to discuss the necessity of bleeding calves to death. We wish the London butchers would reflect for a moment on the prices they are charging, and hold a meeting to discuss the necessity of bleeding their customers so severely.

"SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY."—What matters it to the man with an empty pocket how high the price of butcher's meat may be?

JUDY.

NOT FOR JONES.

Said Tom Brown to Jones, "It is really worth while

In these shares to invest—come, take six;

The company means to dredge mud from the Nile,

And make of it excellent bricks."

"No, no," answered Jones, "I am not quite a fool,

Though I do not set up for a wit;

But I cannot forget that I learnt when at school,

Ex nihilo, O Tom, nihil fit."

THE TIP PUGILISTIC.—Since Mace has not been allowed to fight O' Baldwin for the Championship, there is every probability of his issuing a challenge to fight Orion for his belt.

A LITTLE PICKLE.—Augustus: "Whatever are you doing to Dolly?"—Enfante Terrible: "Why, making her the fashion with walnut-freight, like Aunt Annie does to her face."—[Aunt Annie has frequently told Augustus that she "Wonders how people can do such horrid things!"]

QUERY.—A piece at one of the theatres is extensively advertised as follows:—"Man is not Perfect, nor Woman Neither." If two negatives make a positive, the grammar here is not perfect. We suggest a change—"nor woman either." It may, however, be a delicate compliment to the sex.

PER GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Swell: "First to Oxford."—Ticket-clerk: "Where to next?"

THE BEST SHARES OF ANY—Plough-shares.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.—What bears the strongest affinity to cow-cabbage?—An Ox-onion (!)

A "WALKER'S" Dictionary.—The Milestones.

A PARADOX.

"All flesh is grass," at least so say

The writings of the sages;

If this be so, then the hey-day

Of life, 'tis clear, old age is.

A JADED JEST.—A correspondent, having shot a jay, wishes to know whether he ought to send it to the Dead Letter Office.

THE "POOR IN SPIRIT."—Bankrupt Publicans.

"Oh, What a Fall was There, My Countrymen."—What difference is there between a child that tumbles from the top landing to the bottom one, and a traveller visiting Niagara?—One falls down the stairs, and the other stares down the Falls.

AN OLD SAW RESET.—Mr. Herman Vezin's late successes in the provinces with his Princess's drama proves the truth of the old proverb (slightly transposed):—"The man o' Airie" picks up the worm.

A CLERICAL ERROR.—Ritualism.

TRUE.—Those that speak falsehoods should live in a house of many stories.

"DOWN'T."—No wonder a youth gets "chaffed" when his whiskers are just beginning to grow, for even they are "down upon him!"

AWFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

The Rhondda Valley, already remarkable as being one of the localities where colliery accidents are of considerable fatality, promises now to eclipse all other previous accidents in this neighbourhood by the one that happened at the Ferndale Colliery on Friday. The Cymer and Rieca cat-streokes in South Wales are household words among colliers. The dead in both places were over 100. Widows still mourn the years of their bereavements, and still receive compensation for the loss of their breadwinners. And now in Ferndale Colliery, South Wales promises to eclipse all its former accidents, and stand on an equality with the north of England in the number of inhabitants it can consign to the tomb at one time, in the number of widows and orphans it can make, in the length of the funeral train of the mourners, and the amount of sorrow and desolation it can create in a populous neighbourhood. On the morning of the 8th the mercury stood low in the barometer. Thick heavy mist, Labrador-like, filled the valleys, but gradually dispersed with the rising sun. People went about their ordinary avocations, the owners of the colliery and its agents dreamt of no evil, and so the day passed till 2 p.m. when some people a couple of miles away from the scene of the accident thought they heard a remarkable noise like the sound of distant artillery, while the hills carried the reverberation farther, and travellers three and four miles away stopped their horses and listened.

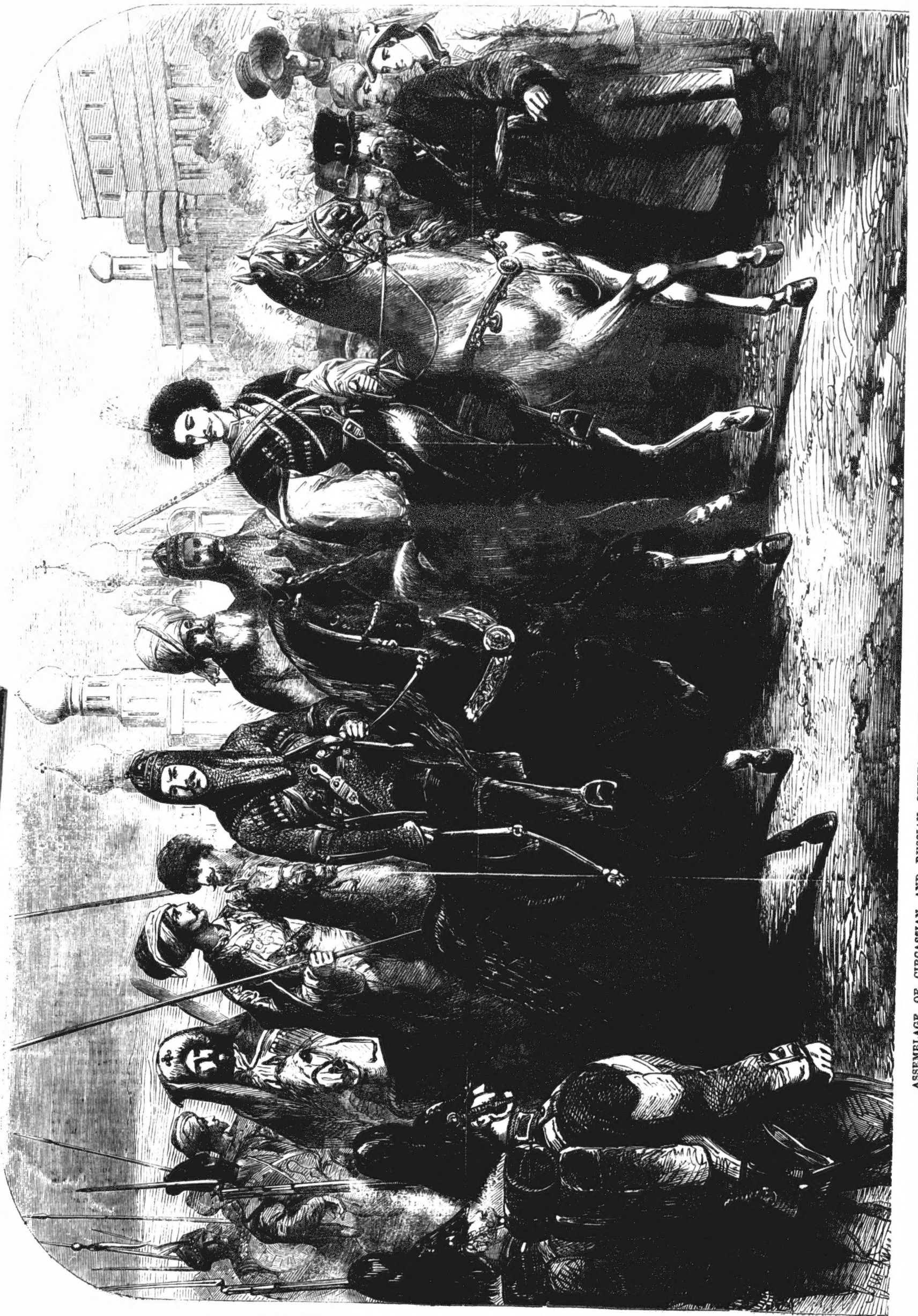
Rumours of a catastrophe soon arose—the electric wire flashed the tidings to Cardiff, and it was known soon at Pontypridd by a mineral engine coming down the valley. Then Aberdare, Dowlais, and Hyphartha heard the news; and all these busy and populous centres were agitated to their remotest bounds, and sent forth their swarming populations to ascertain the extent and nature of the calamity that had befallen their fellow-workers. So by 6 p.m. the intelligence of the calamity had generally spread, and people of all classes were hastening from all adjoining quarters to see for themselves what they feared to behold.

This Ferndale Colliery is situated in the Rhondda Valley, some 21 miles from Cardiff. It is a comparatively new colliery, and from the excellence of the nature of its coal, a very lucrative one. The proprietors obtained a prize at the late Paris Exhibition, as exhibitors of coal. The workings, consequently, have been pushed forward with all dispatch. Though two winding pits have been sunk, the one to the four feet and the other to the nine, yet it appears one only is at present fit for winding. Considering the quality of the coal in the colliery, considering its extent and plant, and cottages erected, it may certainly be considered one of the best collieries in South Wales; and though the proprietors will necessarily incur a severe loss, there is little doubt but that they will soon recoup themselves.

When a good view of the colliery could be obtained, a confused but numerous and seething multitude could be observed swaying to and fro, moving hither and thither to different centres of attraction, and then gravitating again towards the pit's mouth as the well-known signal strokes gave warning that men were coming up. A confused babbling of voices could be heard even at that distance, and now and again a poignant wail of anguish, not unlike an Irish kee, would rise above the hum. There were then 700 or 800 men and women assembled at the pit's mouth waiting to recognise the dying and the dead as they were landed and carried away. A correspondent says, on nearing the pit's mouth, I saw four men carrying a corpse on two boards, roughly nailed together, towards his home. It was the manager. Further on another body could be seen on the ground with a doctor by his side, feeling his pulse, and saturating his lips with ammonia, and with his body in a sitting position, lifting his arms, and forcing them down again, trying to produce or help the respiration of the lungs, while a crowd of anxious friends, relatives, and sympathisers stood around. Some few yards distant another doctor might be seen with ammonia in his hand, and the patient lying on his side, or in some other peculiar position, prescribed by medical science, while men stood by with jugs of water to sprinkle on the faces of the dead and living alike. Children in scores were there, asking for their "dads," wives asking for their husbands, and all eagerly looking out for some "old familiar face," though charred and disfigured. A woman recognised the corpse of her husband, and falling back into the arms of his friends, stared wildly into vacancy, at which her hands convulsively clutched. Then the signal would again be heard, and men would come up to the pit with boys slung over their shoulders like a small bag of flour, or a newly-killed sheep, holding them by their legs, and put them down for their mothers to recognise. So the time passed on till 7 p.m., when the last of the recovered bodies for many hours were brought up. And it is a fact worthy of remark that all the men and boys brought up after 6 p.m. were dead. No one knew, or appeared to know at this time, how many men were down the pit—how many had come up dead, injured or well. In the lamp room, it was stated that 600 lamps had been given out that morning, but this must have been an exaggeration. Some affirmed that there must be 280 men still below, others thought 80 nearer the number. Time only will solve the number of this ghastly catalogue. At 8 p.m. many of the volunteers came up and stated that further progress at present was impracticable, and that a consultation was necessary for the prosecution of further advances. At 9 p.m. another body of mineral agents and volunteers descended the pit, and succeeded by 3 a.m. on Saturday morning in bringing 16 more dead bodies to the surface for identification. Till 6 p.m. that evening no further bodies had been exhumed.

The excitement having lulled, calculations were made as to the number of the dead. The proprietors compute that 342 men and boys went down the pit in the morning; 153 came up alive and uninjured, 50 were brought up dead, 12 injured and burnt, three of whom are suffering from concussion of the brain, and 118 are missing. Of those missing, in all human probability, not one remains alive. Those in the remote workings that the fire spared, the choke damp suffocated. Manager, deputies, and all appear gone, so that all of the most important witnesses are dead. But these numbers must be taken with reservation. The dead or living may have been more or less than what are estimated—the former, as a colliery like the Ferndale working 500 tons per day, would certainly have men and boys in equal ratio to per ton.

It appears there are two main headings running east and west, 1,200 yards in length. In the eastern heading the ventilation has been restored some 800 yards, while further progress was found to be inexpedient. Hence a weighty question arose whether it was expedient to re-light the ventilating furnace or not, and up to 6 p.m. the question remained unsolved. It appears a very difficult matter to settle, but which is, however, of paramount importance. Supposing it were attended with a degree of danger, if no other means of rescuing the bodies of the dead were apparent, this certainly ought to be adopted. The difficulties of their rescue, however, consist not only in the loss of the ventilation, but also in the heavy falls from the roof that have taken place. Headings are almost blocked up, over which volunteers are obliged to clamber, while windways have become useless, and brattice cloth has to take their place. It is worthy of remark that collieries should be provided with other means of ventilation in cases of emergency. On the hill side, extending towards the head of the valley on its western side, a shingle road line, an inclined plane, leads to Treman's and Aberdare. Along this road, from 6 p.m. on Friday until 6 p.m. on Saturday, a constant throng of people were to be seen passing to and fro. During the night of Friday and Saturday a constant streak of light illuminating the whole of this roadway would be seen, occasioned by the travelling of colliers carrying their lamps. Certainly not less than 25,000 people have visited the colliery since the occurrence of the accident.



ASSEMBLAGE OF CIRCASSIAN AND RUSSIAN CHIEFS AT ST. PETERSBURG IN HONOUR OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF GREECE.

The Poisoner's Daughter:

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

THE DWARF AND THE APPRENTICE.

RAYMOND ST. LUKE was certainly taken at great disadvantage at first glance, but his quick eye soon perceived that both cavaliers were wounded, and he looked upon the dwarf with utter contempt.

"I came to slay a traitor and an outlaw called Albert of Branchland!" he shouted, or rather screamed, for his voice was as shrill as a girl's.

He sprang towards the earl, as he spoke, and but for the amazing quickness of the dwarf, whose long rapier turned aside the thrust, would have pierced the noble through the throat.

"Spider! Must I crush you first?" he cried, leaping towards the dwarf, as if he imagined the crushing of the "spider" could be done at a single blow.

The long rapier of the dwarf met his with a force and skill he little expected, turning aside his fierce and well-delivered thrust, and putting in a lunge in reply, which would have ended the matter but for St. Luke's secret coat of mail.

"Ah, little devil!" said St. Luke, growing cool instantly, and retreating to the wall. "It seems you understand fencing through a ring. Well, so do I. Advance, traitors—three to one!"

"Three to one!" cried Sir James, placing himself before St. Luke. "No, you are for me alone."

The earl, more prudent than his friend, grasped him by the arm and whispered:—"Sir James, are you mad? St. Luke is a king of swordsmen—is fresh, unwounded, and wears mail. You are weary, wounded, and feverish—"

"And you are no better, my lord," replied Sir James, in his turn restraining his friend. "Let Sir Dwarf try his hand, and if he falls, I think we will have work enough on our hands."

The dwarf, meanwhile, had spoken aside to Martha, pointed at prostrate Dick of Kent, and assailed St. Luke fiercely.

A fury of rage seemed to possess Master Louis Harvey. It was plain that he had been wrong in his estimate of his superior skill with the rapier. St. Luke met every thrust with rapid parries, and returned them with lunges so terrific and sharp that the dwarf fought more cautiously.

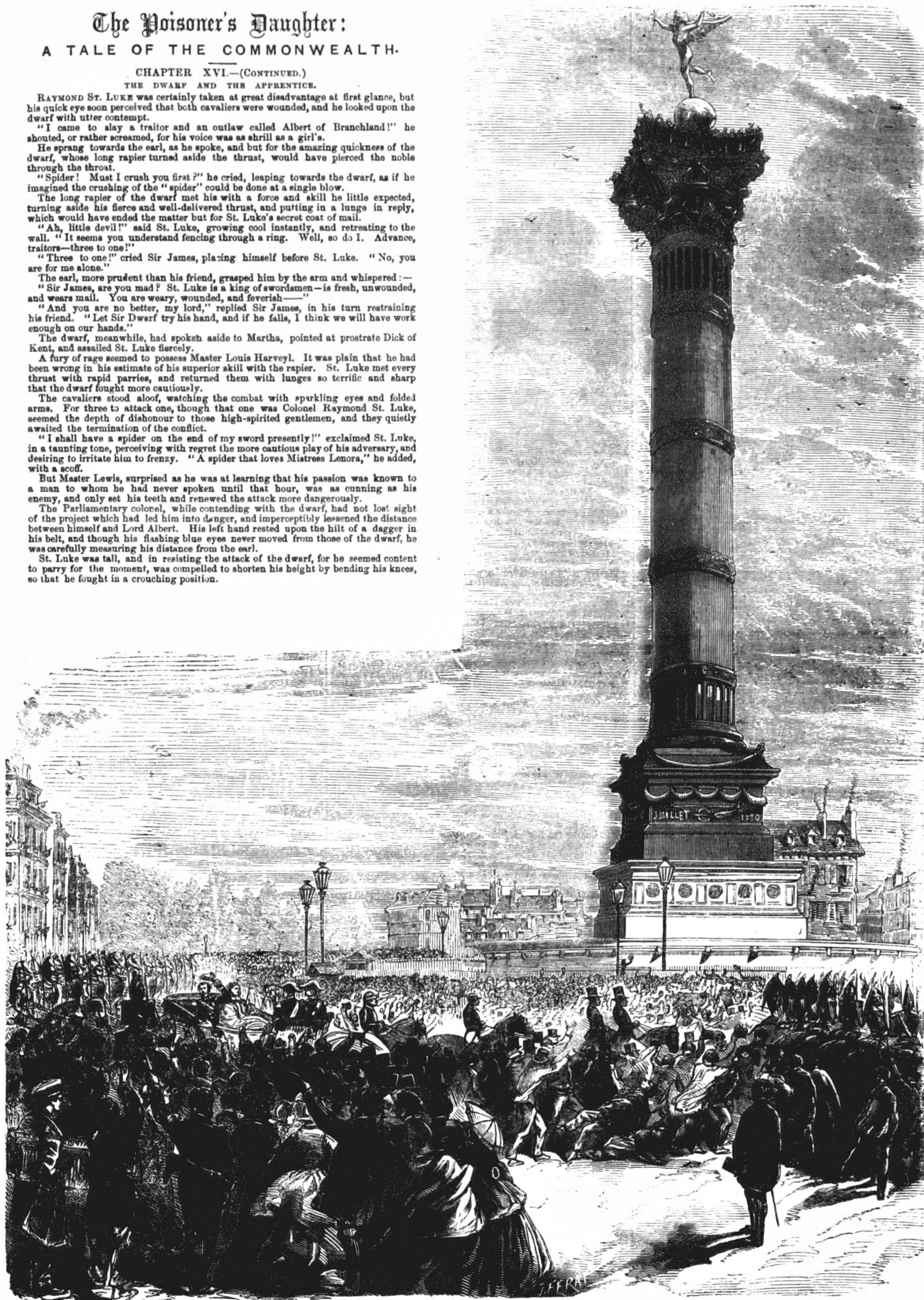
The cavaliers stood aloof, watching the combat with sparkling eyes and folded arms. For three to attack one, though that one was Colonel Raymond St. Luke, seemed the depth of dishonour to those high-spirited gentlemen, and they quietly awaited the termination of the conflict.

"I shall have a spider on the end of my sword presently!" exclaimed St. Luke, in a taunting tone, perceiving with regret the more cautious play of his adversary, and desiring to irritate him to frenzy. "A spider that loves Mistress Lenora," he added, with a scoff.

But Master Lewis, surprised as he was at learning that his passion was known to a man to whom he had never spoken until that hour, was as cunning as his enemy, and only set his teeth and renewed the attack more dangerously.

The Parliamentary colonel, while contending with the dwarf, had not lost sight of the project which had led him into danger, and imperceptibly lessened the distance between himself and Lord Albert. His left hand rested upon the hilt of a dagger in his belt, and though his flashing blue eyes never moved from those of the dwarf, he was carefully measuring his distance from the earl.

St. Luke was tall, and in resisting the attack of the dwarf, for he seemed content to parry for the moment, was compelled to shorten his height by bending his knees, so that he fought in a crouching position.



THE RETURN OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO PARIS.

"The fellow has a wrist of steel," thought the dwarf, who believed his own skill unequalled. "Yet but for his coat of mail I would have bled him thrice."

Martha had raised Dick of Kent to a sitting posture, and wiped the blood from his forehead, stanching the bleeding by binding a strip around his forehead, so that he was able to see what was going on. As he gazed at the thin and haughty face of St. Luke, blazing with a sneer, he suddenly exclaimed:—

"Be on your guard, Lord Albert. He has the spring of a tiger and the cunning of a fox."

Dick of Kent had seen those bright blue eyes flash but an instant from the dwarf to the earl, as St. Luke suddenly assailed the former with a fury which forced Master Louis somewhat aside.

But the warning was too late. St. Luke made a spring as the serving-man cried out, an enormous bound from his crouch fence, clearing the distance between himself and the earl at a single leap, drawing his dagger as he left the floor, and plunging it downwards into the left shoulder of the earl as he reached him.

The earl fell as if struck down by a giant's club, and St. Luke rushed into the darkness of the hall, pursued by the dwarf.

"My noble friend!" cried Sir James, running to the earl, and aiding him to rise. "Are you badly hurt?"

"Thanks to my cuirass, I am not as dead as King Charles," replied the earl, regaining his feet. "The villain meant that blow should reach my heart, but his dagger was turned aside. The force of the blow struck me down."

"The fellow has the strength of a giant and the activity of a cat," said Dick of Kent. "No juggler now tumbling in England can equal Colonel Raymond St. Luke in tricks of leaping, and I have heard that his skill with the rapier is nothing short of witchcraft. They say his mother taught him how to fence, and that she learned from Wild Redburn of Essex."

"You talk well for a man who has been shot in the head, Dick," remarked Sir James, while the earl was wondering at the words. "They say his mother taught him how to fence, and that she learned from Wild Redburn of Essex."

"My skull is a tough one, my master," replied Dick, now rising to his feet, aided by Martha, "or there would be a hole too many in it. Now I pray that Master Louis may not be harmed by the villainous Roundhead colonel—"

His words were interrupted by the sudden return of the dwarf, whose features betrayed vexation and disappointment, though he seemed pleased as his dark eye fell upon the erect form of the earl.

"He has escaped. I cut off his retreat when he attempted it by the secret stairs, but he stopped my pursuit by barring a door. He has by this time reached the roof; and if he has, as he said, friends in waiting, the house will soon be assailed."

"But if he had a force near," said the earl, "why did he not take the house by assault, or demand a surrender in force? Why creep in like a thief?"

"This was a question which none could have answered except St. Luke himself, and he would have replied:—"

"Because I love Lenora, the daughter not of Reginald Brame, the alchemist and poisoner, but of Henry Redburn, Duke of Langford—at least I love the wealth of which she is sole heiress. Unfortunately, she loves Albert De Vere, Earl of Branchland. I wish him dead, and will kill him if I can. But I must not permit Lady Lenora to know that I slew or desire to slay Lord Albert, or she will detest me. She does not detest me yet, but esteems me, for she believes that I adore her. Were Lord Albert removed, I, with my knowledge to aid me in my suit, can easily gain the consent of the duke, and perhaps the love of Lady Lenora. Surely a woman who believes herself to be the daughter of a poisoner should love the man who can prove her to be the daughter of a rich duke. Lord Albert must be removed, and I must not be known in the affair."

Thus St. Luke could have replied, we state, that our readers may be enlightened as regards the motives which had led him into danger and towards assassination.

St. Luke is a devil incarnate, young as he is, my lord," said Dick, "and no wonder if he is, as I have sometimes thought, the son of Wild Redburn of Essex, who has disappeared from England these twenty years."

"You seem to have some knowledge of him whom you call Wild Redburn, my worthy man," said the earl, with much eagerness in his tone. "Would you know him were you to see him?"

"Know him!" cried Dick. "Know the man who poisoned my brother before my eyes! I'd know him anywhere, and his accursed Spaniard, Captain Carlos Salvador, if they live—and I do not think heaven would permit two such villains to live until now."

"I would like to question you, my good man, closely upon this matter," began the earl, but the dwarf, who had been pacing to and fro uneasily, now spoke quickly and with an air of command.

"No more time must be lost. It is nearly day; but for the fog, daylight would be upon us within half an hour. We must leave this house, every man and woman, as speedily as possible."

"Aye," said Dick, "for St. Luke is a bitter Roundhead, and whether he has friends near or not, he will soon have this house pillaged."

"He is welcome to all he finds," replied the dwarf, with a dark smile. "Go hence, Mistress Lenora," he continued, addressing Martha. "Tell her it is an affair of life or death. If she cannot use her limbs, then you and my mother must carry her, with my help."

"I fear my mistress must be carried rather than the young lady," thought Martha, as she hurried from the room. "I fear the drug is heavy upon her strength and senses."

CHAPTER XVII.

MADAM HARVEY AND LENORA.

MADAM HARVEY would probably have sunk into a deep slumber had not the soporific power of the opium which she had taken been rendered powerless by the excitement through which she had passed and the anguish of mind which accused her of having committed some terrible crime while in one of those strange fits of madness with which she was afflicted.

But these counteracting circumstances banished sleep. A feverish wakefulness made her desire repose in vain. She closed her eyes and prayed for sleep though it should be the sleep of death; but sleep fled from her.

The fear that she had accomplished a terrible deed, as she knew she had years before, in her madness, made her tremble with dread for the return of Martha.

While she was thus mentally in torture, Lenora awoke, and perceiving Madam Harvey lying upon the sofa, said:—

"Madam, if you are awake, I beg you to give me a glass of water."

Lenora spoke in a soft and subdued tone, for she feared that Madam Harvey was asleep, and hoped that she was awake, for her thirst was raging; yet she was so generous and unselfish of heart, that she would rather suffer than disturb the repose of another.

But Madam Harvey did not sleep, though her eyes were closed. She heard the gentle request, and rising quickly, hastened to comply with it, saying, as she filled a goblet with water:—

"Does your wound pain you, young lady?"

"Oh, not at all; but my tongue and lips are dry. Oh, give me pure water, madam; do not put any medicine in it," replied Lenora, as she saw her hostess select a small vial from several and uncork it.

"Will you promise to take a few drops of this if I give you the water pure? It will check the fever which is reddening your cheeks. It is harmless."

"Yes, madam, but the pure water first," said Lenora, eagerly.

"My mouth seems on fire."

Madam Harvey gave her the goblet, and she drank as one who was dying with thirst.

"Thank you, madam. I never knew before how delicious pure water is," sighed Lenora, as she returned the empty glass.

"Now keep your promise, lady, and drink this," said Madam Harvey, as she let fall a few drops from the vial into a tiny glass of water. "I am sorry that your wound has produced fever, but this will soon subdue it. It was discovered by a very bad man, in his foolish experiments to discover the Philosopher's Stone; a man named Herbert Redburn."

As Madam Harvey spoke these words, she fixed a keen and anxious look upon the face of Lenora. She expected to see her start, or to cry out with surprise. But Lenora was calm, and drank the medicine without betraying any emotion; though Madam Harvey had reason to start herself, when Lenora remarked:—

"Wild Redburn? I have never heard of Wild Redburn, though I have heard poor Mag Floss speak of Sir Henry Redburn. But as she is crazy, and speaks so incoherently, I have never asked her who Sir Henry Redburn is, or was."

"My dear young lady," said Madam Harvey, taking Lenora's beautiful hand in hers, and speaking in a gentle tone, "pardon me if I offend you to-night in speaking of your father—"

"Ah, I am used to hear the name of Reginald Brame coupled with dreadful epithets," interrupted Lenora, with a sigh. "I do not know whether he deserves them, or not. I hope not, for he has ever been kind to me, except in one thing. He is a strange man, and I am sorry that he is of evil repute."

"Have you lived many years in the Red House?"

"Many years, madam."

"But not all your life, young lady?"

"All my life, so far as I can remember, madam."

"Yet, your speech and manner are not like those of one who has been buried, imprisoned in an old, desolate-looking house."

"I have had excellent instruction, madam," replied Lenora, won to communicativeness by the gentle and motherly voice of Madam Harvey. "I have visited, too, sometimes. Mr. John Milton, the poet, the secretary of the Lord Protector, has always been ready to instruct me."

"Mr. John Milton," said Madam Harvey, with a slight frown, "is a bitter Roundhead, and lauds Oliver Cromwell to the skies. I do not like Mr. John Milton."

"I do like him," promptly replied Lenora, with the warmth of one defending at absent friend. "I do like him, for all he is a hater of monarchy, and wrote so strongly in defence of those who condemned poor King Charles. He has a grand and noble heart."

"Yet you revere the memory of the unfortunate King whose fame he assailed so bitterly?"

"Yes, I revere King Charles; for he perished to expiate the faults and tyranny of his ancestors," replied Lenora; adding, with great and sudden bitterness, as if her heart had bounded to her tongue, "But I do not like his son, the King of Scotland."

"And King of England, Ireland, and Wales!" added Madam Harvey, for she was as bitter a Royalist as Milton was a Republican. "True, my lady, he has only been crowned in Scotland, but he is our rightful King. But why do you not like King Charles the Second?"

"He is not noble at heart," replied Lenora, "and would sacrifice the happiness of his best friend to gratify the whim of an hour. He is my King—the King in whose defence Lord Albert and thousands of others would die if necessary, but I detest him as a man."

There was so much bitterness and indignation in the tone and features of the lovely speaker that Madam Harvey deemed it best to pursue that subject no farther, though in her mind she said:—

"I have heard that Charles has more levity than majesty. I suspect that some wild speech or gesture of his has outraged the modesty and offended the pride of this young lady."

The conclusion of Madam Harvey was correct. Charles the Second never paid reverence to modesty or virtue, and as he was exceedingly susceptible to the influence of female charms, he had no sooner seen Lenora than her stately air, queenly grace and magnificent beauty fired him to call her his own. He had never seen her until a few days before the opening of our story, but he had heard of the extraordinary beauty of "the poisoner's daughter," and knew that his faithful friend and noble follower, the Earl of Branchland, had wooed and won her virtuous love.

He knew, too, that the earl's noble nature soared far above the adventitious distinctions of rank, and that he had wooed Lenora with the fond desire to make her his lawful wife and countess. He knew, also, that the earl's character was lofty in principle, fierce in resentment when resentment was just, and that should he wrong him, the loyalty of Albert of Branchland, so famous for its unswerving fidelity to the house of Stuart, would become dangerous personal animosity.

But Charles the Second, like Henry the Eighth, cared little for honour or danger, when either or both opposed his passions, and the constant peril in which he was while in the Red House did not prevent him from using words and looks which had offended the lofty spirit and severe virtue of Lenora.

She had not told her noble lover of the treachery of the King, for she needed no champion to defend her honour, nor could she destroy that firm loyalty with which the unsuspecting earl regarded his unscrupulous monarch. But that which had alarmed her more than ought else, and caused her to fly from the Red House, with the resolve never to place herself again in the power of Reginald Brame, was the astonishing discovery that her father, as he called himself, encouraged the advances of the King, and frowned and scoffed at her modesty.

Why Reginald Brame did this will be seen as we proceed to describe his interview with the Royal libertine.

"Your mother is dead, I suppose?" continued Madam Harvey. "So Reginald Brame has always told me, madam. I have no recollection of her."

"When you speak of your father you do not call him father. Why is that, my child?"

Lenora did not reply to this question. She had already begun to think her hostess inquisitive, and she resolved to remain silent, unless Madam Harvey informed her why she thus questioned her.

"Madam Harvey," she said, not haughtily or unkindly, but very firmly, "I am very grateful to you for your kindness, but I cannot reply to every question which may be prompted by idle curiosity."

"I am not so prompted, my dear young lady," replied Madam Harvey, "and I am glad that you are frank with me. I question you because you so greatly, I may say so amazingly, resemble in form, voice, and feature one who was very dear to me while she lived, and her memory is very dear to me now."

"Will you tell me her name, madam?" asked Lenora.

"Her name? Oh, her name was Eleanor—Lady Eleanor Redburn."

"Then there really was a person of that name?" interrupted Lenora, with great eagerness.

"There was a very noble lady of that name. But why do you say, 'Then there really was a person of that name?' Have you ever heard of her?"

"Yes, madam. There is an unfortunate woman in the Red House who is crazy, and who is called Mag Floss. I have on two or three, perhaps more occasions, heard her say, 'I am Lady Eleanor Redburn,' but she is crazy, and sometimes calls herself Queen Elizabeth of England; Cleopatra of Egypt—indeed she has at various times claimed to be every famous heroine of history."

"But why call herself Lady Eleanor Redburn, who is no heroine of history?" asked Madam Harvey, with great difficulty restraining her agitation.

Lenora remaining silent, Madam Harvey continued:—

"Did she say anything more? Did she love or hate you?"

"I never heard her say anything more about Lady Eleanor Redburn, madam. As my father had commanded me always to lead Mag Floss to him when she called herself Lady Eleanor Redburn, I always obeyed, especially as he had warned me that whenever Mag Floss began to rave about being Lady Eleanor Redburn, she was becoming dangerously mad."

"Oh, he told you that?"

"Yes, madam, and that I should say nothing to her except, 'Come, my lady. I will lead you.' I do remember now that she used to rave—no, it was not raving—she used to moan something about her husband and her children—"

"Said she never anything about her sister—about Lady Alice?" asked Madam Harvey.

"Never, madam. Do you know Mag Floss?" exclaimed Lenora.

"Perhaps. I may know presently. But tell me more. You always led her to your father when she called herself Lady Eleanor Redburn. What did he do when you had done that? Did she call him Reginald Brame?"

"No, madam; she called him Herbert."

"And what did he say or do, my child?"

"He appeared to yield to her whim or fancy, and gave her a glass of medicated wine to keep off the furious madness, which he said was not far away."

"And then?" demanded Madam Harvey, with a subdued horror in her voice and terror in her eyes.

"She became wild Mag Floss again, and was Queen this and Empress that with wild laughter."

"Poor Eleanor! God help thee!" thought Madam Harvey, sinking upon her knees and burying her face in the curtains of the bed.

"God help thee, and aid me to help thee!"

"My life!" she suddenly cried, "fighting is going on in the house. But what can I do but pray, and of what avail are the prayers of a wretch like me?"

Lenora raised herself in bed and listened eagerly to the clashing of steel which accompanied the combat of the dwarf and St. Luke. There was no fear but much anxiety upon her face.

In a few moments Martha ran into the room, and seeing Madam Harvey standing by the bed, exclaimed:—

"Thank Heaven that you are on your feet, my lady!"

"What has happened? Why did you stay so long? What did I do?" demanded her mistress.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, my lady—but Colonel St. Luke has been in the house, there has been a hot fight, and he has escaped. Master Louis fears an attack of St. Luke's soldiers, and we must all leave this house immediately."

"Colonel St. Luke!" thought Lenora, in surprise. "I have met him several times at the house of Mr. John Milton."

"Haste!" cried the voice of the dwarf at the door, though he did not look in. "Our liberty and perhaps our lives are in danger. Can the ladies walk?"

"Yes, or run, if need be," replied Lenora, hastening to reach the floor.

"Then be ready in five minutes to depart," said the dwarf, who then returned to the cavaliers, whom he found preparing for flight.

"Wait until I return, gentlemen," said the dwarf. "Come with me, Richard. Bring that lamp; the cavaliers can remain in the dark a few moments. How is your head?"

"All right, except the slash the bullet made, my master," replied Dick of Kent, as he snatched up the lamp and followed the dwarf, who was directing his steps towards the rear of the house.

"He means to fire the powder," thought Dick, as the dwarf opened the door and ran nimbly down a pair of steep steps.

"Come, come!" cried the dwarf, unlocking a small door at the foot of the stairs, and gesticulating quickly.

"Have a care, my master," replied Dick, descending with evident reluctance, and holding the lamp with a tight grip. "I am as brave as most men, but I like not to carry an exposed flame among barrels of gunpowder."

"No man dies before his time comes," said the dwarf, snatching the lamp and opening the door. "Remain, or retreat, as you please."

With these words he boldly entered the large room into which the door opened.

"Remain, or retreat," muttered Dick, looking after his master, with eyes dilated with fear. "If a spark falls from that lamp upon any powder that may be loose, little difference would there be in what would be left of Dick Tarleton remaining or retreating. Look at him! Cutting along our barrels of gunpowder, with no more fear than if they were barrels of sand."

The apartment, though large, was low, and Dick trembled lest the flame of the lamp might catch one of the many festoons of cobwebs which swayed dangerously close to it.

The dwarf, having reached the centre of the heap, drew a fuse from his bosom, inserted one end of it in a spigot-hole of one of the barrels, ignited the other end, adjusted the fuse so that there was no chance of firing anything until it had been consumed to the spigot-hole, and then hastened back to the entrance, which he closed and locked.

"Ah!" said Dick, drawing a deep breath, "how long will it be before the explosion, my master?"

"Perhaps half an hour, perhaps less," replied the dwarf, springing up the stairs with enormous leaps, in which feat he was ably imitated by Dick.

"Come," said the dwarf, whose movements were now exceedingly rapid, "we have no time to lose."

"I think not," cried Dick, whose hair was on end, and forgetting his wound as he lumbered after his master.

"Haste, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dwarf, as he rushed in, and then out of the room in which the two cavaliers awaited him. "Follow me!"

He hurried on to his mother's room, where he found all in readiness to depart.

"See to the Lady Lenora, mother; and do you, Martha, aid both. Follow me, all, and speak not a word."

He descended those stairs which had been so fatal to Master Maler and his brother constables, unbarred and opened the door cautiously, and, followed by those who depended upon his boldness and sagacity, went forth into the open air.

(To be continued.)

HOW WOMEN SMASH THEIR NEIGHBOUR'S GLASS HOUSE.—Glass houses are not regarded as very formidable defences by women, especially those reared by their own sex. The other day we were admiring a lady's dress in the presence of another lady, and we marvelled much at its beautiful colour. "You silly goose," said our fair friend, "can't you see that the silk has been dyed and turned? It would serve men almost right if women ceased the attempt to dress well." We were silenced, but could not help thinking that possibly some men would have no objection at all to be "served quite right." Nothing can well exceed a woman's dexterity in smashing her neighbour's glass house, and the whole proceeding is a marvellous exhibition of ingenuity. Provided with the smallest pebble, but of the highest polish, she will approach her poor sister, and after much fond palaver and kissing of cheeks, she will retire to a short distance. Then, watching her opportunity, crash she sends the little missile with the force and whizz of a bullet. Awhile she watches the agony of her prostrate enemy, and then approaches with the sweetest of smiles to offer her pity and tears. Great God! is it possible that such loveliness and tenderness can at all times be allied to a cruelty in the refinement of which no wild animal can surpass the mortal angel?—*Saint Pauls.*

THE DRAWING ROOM.

FASHIONS AT BRIGHTON.

The Pavilion was very full indeed, when the bazaar was held there in aid of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association; and, as it was well attended by both residents and visitors, it gave one a very good opportunity of seeing who the Brighton world are just now, and what they are wearing, especially with regard to bonnets. Most people wear hats in the morning, even well-developed matrons with four or five grown-up daughters in their train; but in the afternoon, though there are still plenty of hats to be seen, people who study the fashions don their bonnets—and what bonnets they are! What would our great-grandmothers of blessed coal-scuttle memory say, could they but rise from their graves and see them?

This year they are certainly smaller than ever, and more fantastic than ever, too—just the very wee-est morsel of velvet, lace, or silk poised on the top of the head, showing as much of the face the hair, and the ears as possible.

The Brighton belles patronise greatly that nondescript kind of headgear which is really either a bonnet or a hat, and resembles the one quite as much as the other. All are round alike, and a full of lace, rather full, falls over—not from—the brim; a wreath of leaves generally surrounds the crown, and the strings, if any, are tied at the back. They look as much like hats as possible, only a milliner calls them bonnets.

Sprays of metallic gold leaves are on nearly every bonnet you see, whether black, green, or grey, or any other colour. Nothing seems too fine or tawdry, and, as dirty summer bonnets are very much worn just now, the effect is not as good as it might be.

I see in the shop windows bonnets made entirely of grebe, seal-skin, or even sable, with a bandeau of scarlet or blue velvet over the forehead, and strings to match; but I should hardly think they will find many purchasers. At present the bonnets are all worn as close to the face as possible, the shape being a good deal raised over the front; but everybody seems to adapt their bonnets to their own peculiar style of dressing the hair, only complying with the prevailing mode in the matter of smallness. Two pretty girls, who had their hair turned back very high from the face, like the beauties of one or two centuries ago, wore over it tiny bonnets, which came down over the high cushions, as we may call them, in points, just as a calyx surrounds the petals of a flower—a most strikingly original style of bonnet certainly, which you would scarcely see anywhere but at Brighton.

Still, side by side with the tawdry and grotesque specimens which meet you at every turn, you do see a great many in extremely good taste. One which was pretty and effective was a stone-coloured crepe of the fancheon shape; with a couple of dragon flies at the front and one at the back, so well arranged that they seemed in the very act of flying. Biemack brown is quite as much the rage as ever, and disputes the palm of popularity with black, and both are almost invariably trimmed with sprays of gold.

With regard to hats, the shape I described last week—round, with an upright brim like the "pork pie," only larger—is decidedly the favourite; but then all shapes are worn. Pretty faces peep at you from beneath round hats made entirely of feathers, and round hats made entirely of seal-skin, and round hats with band of miniver round them, or thick cushions of grebe, or others bound with black or blue velvet studded with medallions of Cluny lace. Some rejoice in wreaths of brown leaves, bunches of gold leaves, or birds' heads, or butterflies, or anything else that is extraordinary. There is a greater change in the fashion of hats this year than there has been for a long time; and though the long narrow "Spanish," the high pointed "Mother Goose," and the "Sailor" hats are all worn, and trimmings of peacocks' feathers, birds, pigeons' wings, &c., are also to be seen, the newest and the most generally adopted are those with a trimming of cocks' feathers round them, and a tuft of cocks' feathers, in front, in either mauve or brown. Brown hats with birds of Paradise on them, or plumes of yellow feathers are also popular. There is no doubt about it, hats are very becoming to young and pretty people; but nowadays, when the chignons are worn so very high at the back of the head, they are necessarily tilted forward in the most curious manner, and are scarcely so becoming as they used to be.

In the matter of outdoor jackets, sealskins are as much in favour as ever, but this year they are worn much shorter, as are all other jackets, and jackets are the only kind of winter mantle worn. They are generally of the same material as the dress, and are short and loose, made with pockets and tight coat sleeves; for though the large hanging sleeves are coming into fashion, you seldom see them yet. White serge and white lambswool are still worn, and of course black velvet; some of the latter are made quite tight to the figure, with large peplum basques, but these I should say are rather going out of fashion than coming in. A few of the dresses, too, are made in the Princess form, and with these, when the weather is sufficiently mild, as it has been lately, no mantle is worn at all. And now one word about boots. Balmorals have had a long and prosperous reign, and on a pretty foot were well-nigh irresistible; but, alas! the glory of Balmorals has departed, and given place to their Polish rivals, which come up high over the ankles, with pendent tassels in front, some in red, some in blue, and some in black leather, with coloured heels; and no heels for the present fashion can be too high—an arrangement which though trying to the feet, and undelightful to produce either an easy or graceful walk, makes pretty steps look ten times prettier, and small feet smaller still.

What stony-hearted bachelor can resist charms like these? Surely club life, or solitary shooting in Scotland, or even cigars ad libitum, can scarcely compete with them.

Though the weather lately has been very warm and mild along the south coast, furs are very much worn at Brighton. Sable and seal-skin muffs, cuffs, and tippets—the latter coming down over the shoulders, pointed back and front—are very much the fashion, but not quite so much as grebe.

If golden hair is being superseded by black in Paris, the fashion has not yet reached Brighton, where golden locks are all the rage, dressed as loosely and roughly as possible. One damsel, not content with a large chignon at the back, allowed the long curls to float beneath it, on to her shoulders, in most admired disorder—a very shower of gold. Chignons are larger than ever, and more crepe; long curls at either side are universally worn, but there is nothing very new in the style of hairdressing. Plaited chignons, the round pincushion chignons, the sausage curls worn horizontally and perpendicularly, are the styles most generally adopted; but certainly some of them are prodigies of skill, so numerous are the puffs, and bows and rolls which one poor head has to carry.

But enough, now, of changing fashions. Brighton itself is being transformed, and is renewing its aspect every day. One thing only remains unaltered—the most changeable of all, yet ever the same. It is the sea. In its thousand and one changes it is lovely enough to tempt us now and then to turn from the busy world, its pomp and its gewgaws, its happy, noble hearts, its vain, silly, empty hearts, to the majesty and grandeur reigning ever there.—*Queen.*

The changes in the French Cabinet, so long talked of, are at length announced. M. Pinard is to replace M. de Lavalette as Minister of the Interior, and M. Magne will succeed M. Rouher as Minister of Finance. The *Moniteur* has a short article expressing the satisfaction of the French Government at the removal of the French troops from the Papal territory, and announcing that the French troops will evacuate Rome and the other Pontifical towns as soon as order is assured therein.

THE GARDEN.

FORCING HOUSES.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to refer to a less propitious season in which to ripen grapes produced upon ill-made or worn-out and other vine borders of obsolete formation, than the past summer. I think it well, therefore, to advert specially to the subject. Where vines have shown the defect of shanking to a great degree, it will be advisable to test the borders thoroughly in order to arrive at a correct knowledge of their defects. In three cases out of four, old vine borders are wanting in regard to proper drainage. Depend upon it, with questionable success during the past season, staring one in the face, and the consequent depreciation of the vigour of the vines, added to the chances of success next season, that without using an effort forthwith to resuscitate the border, and hence the route, cultivators cannot hold themselves entirely blameless should a repetition of mischief occur. There is not that danger in "fingering" the roots which many apprehend attends the operation. Choose a fine interval, clean neat tools, and, with an abundance of material close at hand, enter thoroughly upon the job. Secure soil—good yellow loam, of fibrous and free texture, yet possessing sufficient stamina in itself to give it moderate consistency, adding thereto nearly a third of its own bulk of old mortar rubbish, broken bones, charcoal, and well-decomposed manure. Remove the surface soil carefully near the base of the vine, and having bared the root at this point, follow it carefully until the whole of its ramifications are laid open to the eye, when it will be readily seen, judging from the state in which the roots are, how best to proceed. If these are moderately healthy, appearing deficient in vigour only, and the soil at the root line is not too wet or overly-stricken, simply renew the soil to a moderate depth, elevating the roots a little when replaced therein. Otherwise, if the fault lie in part or wholly in the border, especially if the latter is in want of better drainage, the roots must be carefully studied for the purpose of ascertaining the best mode of procedure. If very old, the inference is that they will have become so elongated that the ultimate fibrils of the roots—the feeding sponges proper—are congregated mostly at the extreme front of the border. Hence a difficulty occurs. Prune them slightly back, if possible; place a draining medium below, as I shall presently advise, or in any other efficient manner which suggests itself. Imbed the whole length of the roots in fresh soil, finishing all off neatly, and proceed as advised hereafter, to induce fresh rootlets to form "nearer home." When a moderate supply of young roots is found near the base of the vine, or indeed upon the upper half of the vine border—viz., nearest the house, under similar circumstances to the above, it will be far better, with care, to sever the roots in two. Afterwards remove the whole of the front half of the border to a goodly depth; place a proper drainage at the bottom, and re-fill with fresh compost, treading the whole firmly as you proceed. The necessary drainage, which I have referred to, might be formed, and it is not convenient to make but a temporary one under the circumstances, as follows:—Go far enough down, if possible, to insure a natural fall of moisture through the subsoil into an open stratum beneath the border. This might be done by making four or five holes, some two feet in diameter, and at suitable intervals apart, down into the same, only; which, when filled up with rough-edged stones, or rubble, to a certain height, might there become interlinked with a horizontally laid drain of the same material, the whole being not unlike the figure formed by these letters, TTTT. If no natural drainage can be obtained in any of the lower strata, it will be well to lay a row or two of large drain-pipes, well encased in rubble; with a proper fall into a dumb well or, better still, into a free-flowing drain. Positions, circumstances, &c., so vary in different places that I trust the above remarks may be made applicable to any requiring assistance in this wise. I therefore leave the subject for the present.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Plant tulips at the earliest opportunity, choosing a dry period for the operation. Attend carefully to ariculars, always bearing in mind the fact that damp is even more injurious than a slight amount of frost. Allow decay in no form whatever to remain near them, and by occasionally stirring the surface soil keep it fresh, without, however, allowing too large a quantity of loose soil to remain around their base, as this tends also to absorb and retain an excess of moisture; keep the drainage free from particles of soil by an occasional examination of it. Rough prune and nail any creepers, roses, &c., growing against walls, for the twofold purpose of neatness, and to have them ready to be duly protected should sharp weather set in at a later date. Look through herbaceous borders, and make note of any plants which, dying down now, may require parting or otherwise. Place leaf-mould over choice roots or around the base of plants for protection against hard weather, and be prepared in detail for such, in the case of alstromerius, lilliums, cyclamens, of the *C. hederifolium*, eupreum, coum, verum, and other hardy species, and varieties grown in sheltered corners out of doors. Pot the ripened bulbs of lillium auratum, and place them in any dry place, even if in such a position where a few degrees of frost can reach them, it matters not. They like peat, leaf-mould, and sand. Secure them from slugs, which are very partial indeed to them.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Where sea-kale is needed early it will be advisable to take up a few of the best ripened crowns, and by placing them in a warmth of 85 degrees or 90 degrees plunged in soil, and kept quite dark to forward them for use, before those forced in the open ground are ready. The mushroom house will be found a convenient place for this purpose. Remove the decayed leaves from plantations of sea-kale as soon as they are sufficiently ripened off to part freely, and, as previously advised, get the necessary leaves raked to place over them when they have become moderately hardened by exposure. As stated before, lettuce and endive for immediate use will need the protection of a frame or similar contrivance. Make the final sowing of radishes upon a nice sunny aspect, and do not omit to sow the requisite small saladings.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE HUNT MAKES ALL EQUAL.—The chief national effect produced by hunting on the manners and habits of our rural people is a certain open-air freedom of speech which we think has sprung from the sport, though it has spread itself into districts in which hounds are not kept. Men, especially young men, who feel themselves altogether cowed by the chairs and tables of those above them in worldly position, who acknowledge by their very gait and demeanour the superiority of rank and wealth when they meet rank and wealth in the streets of a town, keep up their heads and hold their own among the lanes and fields, because they have unconsciously learned that a certain country pursuit, open to all classes, has the effect of making all classes for a time equal in the country. We do not mean to imply that this operates on rustic labourers, or on any body of men who are paid by wages;—but it does operate very widely on all above that standing. The non-hunting world is apt to think that hunting is confined to country gentlemen, farmers, and rich strangers; but anyone who will make himself acquainted with the business and position in life of the men whom he sees around him in an average hunting-field, will find there are in the crowd attorneys, country bankers, doctors, apothecaries, the profession of medicine has a special aptitude for fox-hunting,—maltsters, millers, butchers, bakers, innkeepers, auctioneers, graziers, builders, retired officers, judges home from India, barristers who take weekly holidays, stock-brokers, newspaper editors, artists, and sailors.—*Saint Pauls.*

LITERATURE.

"Not Wisely, but Too Well." By the Author of "Cometh up as a Flower." (Tinsley Brothers.)

COLONEL DARE STAMER is thus described:—

"This is he. A man with just such a face as one often sees among human creatures endowed with an ordinary degree of intellectual powers,—of the two, perhaps, leaning to the side of superior intelligence,—and with a big, powerful figure; a figure deep-chested, clean-limbed, thin flanked, that promised strength,—arms long and sinewy, with the muscle—much developed in many a boxing-match, or many a cricket-field—rising in knotted cords upon them; and a great columnar throat. A head rather apt at towering stately over the heads of other men; penthouse brows that had been seen to scowl; dwelling under them, in their shadow, luminous dark eyes—eyes that could look very angry or very tender. Not a good man at all. He might hug himself with the satisfactory reflection that, during the six lustres of his existence, he had not done one atom of good to any human being, but, on the contrary, had done a good deal of harm: had broken one or two extra-brittle women's hearts; had dangerously cracked several others; all without much compunction. 'Women,' he used to say in his club (where he was listened to with the respect due to much experimental knowledge), 'women were fair game;' and game very easily winged, too," he sometimes subjoined.

Although married himself, the Colonel falls in love with Kate Chester. A desperate scene ensues between them; embraces, kisses, &c., and the Colonel nearly succeeds in seducing her, when she saves herself at the last moment by appealing to him thus:—

"Oh, do, Dare, my darling, do let me go; don't try to keep me. It is bitter to part, I know. Don't you suppose I feel that? It is a terrible wrench; but Oh, Dare, do—do it, for my sake! What can I say to persuade you?" she said in her sore trouble. "Oh, my darling—my own Dare—let me go, let me go!"

But before Kate was certain of the Colonel's love, she thus talks to herself in the solitude of her own chamber:—

"O, why will not God let us have what we like, and be happy in this world in our own way," she groaned, "instead of making us always be lifting up our eyes strainingly to a country we cannot see, and which we shall most likely never get to at last? O, Dare, I would do anything wicked, anything insane for you. Would I have that time back again when I had never seen your dark, cruel face? No; I'd rather be as I am—utterly wretched—than never have heard your voice, never seen you smile upon me as you did that day by the shore. O, such a minute as that would overpay centuries in hell! If I could make a bargain this minute that I should have Dare all to myself for just one month, and then to die and live in torture for all the countless ages of eternity—why, I'd do it this second, that I would, without a moment's hesitation." "O, Dare, Dare," moaned the soft woman voice again, "what grand eyes you have! How they seem to scorch and shrivel up my soul, looking always, always through it!"

The moral of this book is bad, and we can recommend no one to read it.

THE Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Macmillan & Co.) THE twofold peculiar object of Sir Samuel Baker's work, as expressed by its title, is to describe "the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia," and "the sword hunters of the Hamran Arabs." The former subject is one of the deepest interest, both scientifically and practically. It is, namely, the cause of the inundation of the Nile and the consequent fertility of Egypt. The author thus plainly states the case in his preface:—

"The lake sources of Central Africa support the life of Egypt by supplying a stream, throughout all seasons, that has sufficient volume to support the exhaustion of evaporation and absorption; but this stream, if unaided, could never overflow its banks, and Egypt, thus deprived of the annual inundation, would simply exist, and cultivation would be confined to the close vicinity of the river. The inundation, which by its annual deposit of mud has actually created the Delta of Lower Egypt, upon the overflow of which the fertility of Egypt depends, has an origin entirely separate from the lake sources of Central Africa, and the supply of water is derived exclusively from Abyssinia."

There is a description of the various methods of killing the elephant with the sword. The first is that of the poorer hunters, who, not having the means of purchasing horses, hunt on foot in parties not exceeding two persons. The "higher branch of the art" is thus described:—

"Provided with horses, the party of hunters should not exceed four. They start before daybreak, and ride slowly throughout the country in search of elephants, generally keeping along the course of a river until they come upon the tracks where a herd or a single elephant may have drunk during the night. When once upon the tracks, they follow fast towards the retreating game. The elephants may be twenty miles distant; but it matters little to the aggressors. At length they discover them, and the hunt begins. The first step is to single out the bull with the largest tusks; this is the commencement of the fight. After a short hunt the elephant turns upon his pursuers, who scatter and fly from his headlong charge until he gives up the pursuit; he at length turns to bay when again pressed by the hunters. It is the duty of one man in particular to ride up close to the head of the elephant, and thus to absorb its attention upon himself. This insures a desperate charge. The greatest coolness and dexterity are then required by the hunter, who now, the hunted, must so adapt the speed of his horse to the pace of the elephant, that the enraged beast gains in the race until it almost reaches the tail of the horse. In this manner the race continues. In the meantime two hunters gallop up behind the elephant, unseen by the animal, whose attention is completely directed to the horse almost within his grasp. With extreme agility, when close to the heels of the elephant, one of the hunters, while at full speed, springs to the ground with his drawn sword, as his companion seizes the bride, and with one dexterous two-handed blow he severs the back sinew. He immediately jumps out of the way and remounts his horse; but if the blow is successful, the elephant becomes disabled by the first pressure of its foot upon the ground; the enormous weight of the animal dislocates the joint, and it is rendered helpless. The hunter who has hitherto led the elephant immediately turns, and riding to within a few feet of the trunk, he induces the animal to attempt another charge. This, clumsily made, affords an easy opportunity for the aggressors behind to slash the sinew of the remaining leg, and the immense brute is reduced to a standstill; it dies of loss of blood in a short time, thus positively killed by one man with two strokes of the sword!"

REMOURS IN THE RACING WORLD.—"Hotspur," of the *Telegraph*, is of opinion that "the racing public will hear with regret that the rumours concerning the Marquis of Hastings's stud are correct, that all his lordship's horses are to be sold by auction, and that 'the finance agent'—a new profession—"who was entrusted with the Duke of Hamilton's affairs will also take the Marquis of Hastings's matters in hand, with the view to retrenchment." "Hotspur" trusts that the coming sale "will enable Lord Hastings to free himself from the numerous aristocratic turf hunters and spongers who stuck like pitch to the fashionable Dunbar colerie." The *Sporting Gazette* gives Hotspur's story a denial which is not altogether explicit. It says that the "finance agent" in question has not been applied to, and that the ordinary occurrence of a nobleman being about to weed his stud is hardly one which "the racing public will hear with regret."

CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Conservative working man, whose very existence was, by politicians of every one of the varied hues of Liberalism, pronounced a moral impossibility, is not a myth. The dinner, which was promoted by the committee of the London and Westminster Association cannot be pronounced a success. No adventitious attractions had been organized. Perhaps during all the season there has not been a day upon which the Crystal Palace Company put forward a programme containing fewer attractions. There was no kiss-in-the-ring, no show of fireworks, no meeting in the grounds; and where Potter met three at dinner the Conservative ministers met one.

The banquet was held in the winter concert-room, and four o'clock was fixed as the time for the commencement, but long before that hour hungry Conservatives had crowded the lower tables. The majority of those present were very evidently mechanics in their best clothes, but there was a sprinkling of the labouring classes, and there was a spice of the clerical element. The tables were so allotted, in accordance with previous arrangements, that the provincial deputations should sit together; and each table bore a large printed card signifying to the deputations as they arrived where were the places that had been reserved for them. A step higher than the tables, which filled the body of the concert-hall, was the upper table, reserved for the more prominent members of the party, and behind this on the orchestra an excellent brass band was stationed to provide dulcet strains in aid of digestion. Around the hall were banners and trophies of flags, and over the orchestra was the inscription—which has been adopted as a motto by several of the association—"The Altar, the Throne, and the Cottage." A large number of ladies occupied the gallery surrounding the hall, and appeared to take no small interest in the proceedings.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

THIS port was long the sole port to which the people of any foreign nation were permitted access into Japan by its jealous Government. The town is built upon the lower slopes of the hills that enclose a bay of great magnitude, and is said to have 18,000 inhabitants. The town covers a large space with its gardens and streets, interspersed with trees of considerable size, as well as numerous shrubs. The Japanese towns in general exhibit a pleasing appearance from the number of gardens, laid out with great skill and taste, that uniformly occur amongst and between the different buildings.

CAB DRIVERS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.

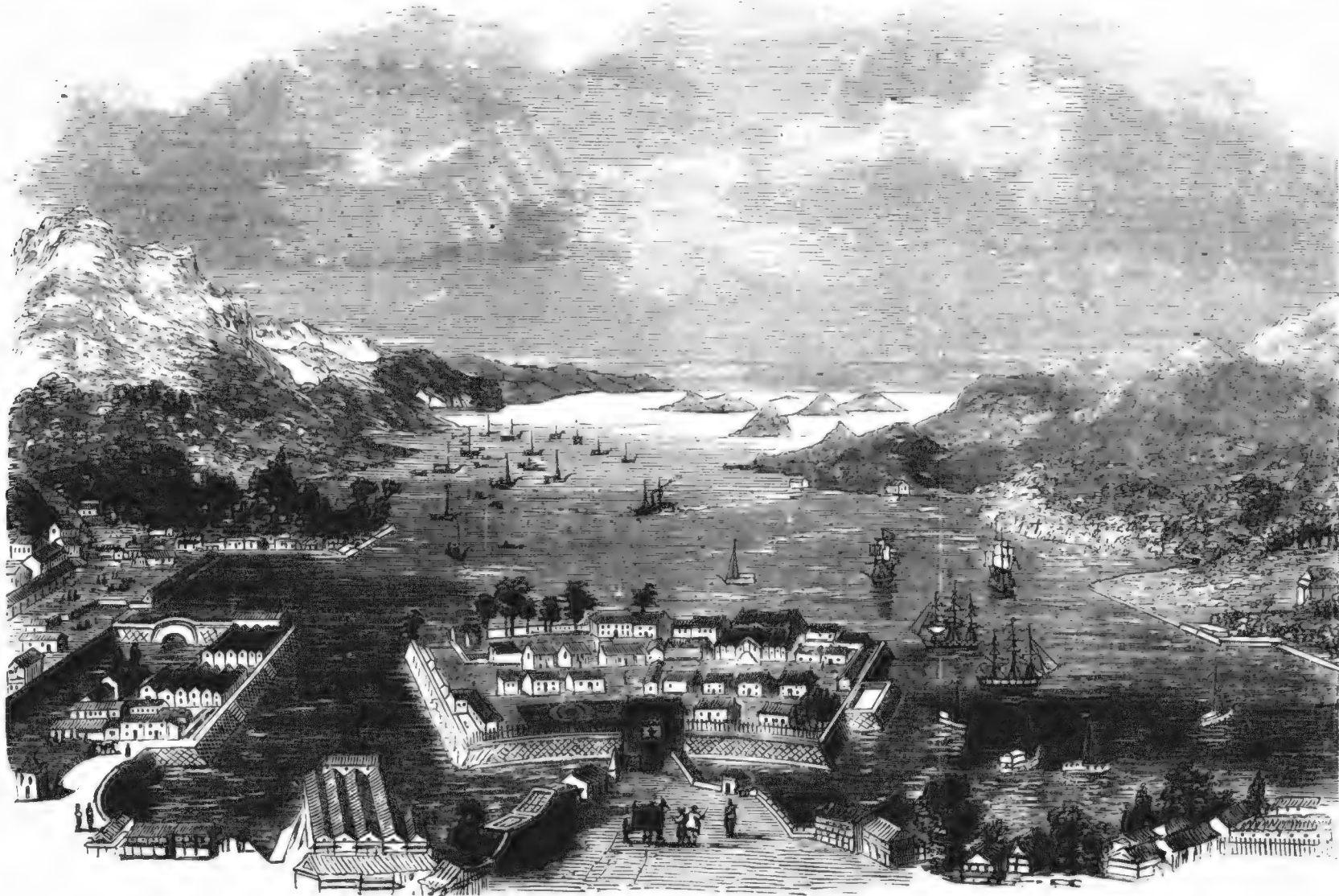
THERE was a well-written sensible letter from a cab driver in Saturday's *Telegraph* which not unfairly stated the question between the public and drivers of hack-carriages, as seen from the ranks. The writer said that the payments to be made by him before profit commences are so great that it is only by the receipt of money over and above the legitimate fare that he can realize any profit at all. We do not doubt this. The cab-driver is the middle man, whose disbursements are certain and whose receipts are uncertain. The proprietor keeps up his prices and supplies worse horses and worse carriages every year. Never were cabs more rickety and uncomfortable than now; never were viler screws set to drag them. The once celebrated speed of the Hansom has become a tradition. It seems to be a driver's great ambition, in these days, to keep steadily behind an omnibus that is going to the same place. It is admitted, indeed, that nothing can well be worse than the hack-carriages of London. But the lawful charges are low, and the public cannot reasonably expect a good article for their money. "Considerate" fares, however, are numerous in

COUNTY RATES.

PERHAPS the county rates are not as carefully audited as those of the metropolitan guardians of the poor have been—of late. The various feastings of the local guardians have recently been disallowed, and a good deal of scandal having arisen out of the bills for dinners, wine, cigars, drags to the Star and Garter, and the like, which the poor law auditors have refused to pass, the St. Pancras guardians have found a pleasant and timely hospitality accorded to them at Colney Hatch. According to a local paper, they were invited by their chairman, Mr. Wyatt, J.P., who is also chairman of the Colney Hatch committee, to the asylum, and there feasted right royally. The loss of their weekly dinner is unquestionably a matter in which the St. Pancras guardians are likely to receive a good deal of British sympathy, and we doubt if the "burial" and other business committees who used to solace their labours with beef and ale are likely to be so popular in future if all refreshment be denied; but it can hardly be right that the lunacy rates should be swollen in order to keep down the poor rates, or that unchecked hospitality at Colney Hatch should compensate for the severity of Gwydyr House.

A NEW DISEASE.

Two little boys—Augustus Higgs, aged nine, and Walter Greenwood, aged thirteen, both "very respectably connected"—were brought up before Mr. Elliott, at Lambeth Police-office, charged with stealing a variety of fancy articles from stalls at the Crystal Palace. The property was found on their persons, and the defence set up for them by their parents and by the Rev. W. A. Newton, one of the masters at All Saints' Grammar School, Paddington, was that they were when in health good boys, but that latterly they had been attacked by epileptical kleptomania, and under the influence of that novel disease could not keep their hands



THE HARBOUR OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

Certain members of the London and Westminster Constitutional Association, wearing blue badges, acted as stewards during the evening, and were of considerable assistance in regulating the business.

At a few minutes past four o'clock, Mr. R. N. Fowler entered the hall, and took the chair, speedily followed by the more prominent guests. On the right of the Chairman were Lord John Manners, M.P., Admiral Elliott, Colonel Hogg, M.P., Colonel Richardson Gardner, and other gentlemen; and on the left the Right Hon. Mr. Mowbray, M.P., Sir C. Russell, M.P., and Mr. Cubitt, M.P., Mr. ex-Sheriff Figgins, &c. Grace having been said by the Rev. F. G. Lee, of All Saints', Lambeth, the active proceedings of the banquet were begun, and those present did ample justice to the excellent cold dinner which Messrs. Bertram and Roberts had provided at a most moderate price, and which appeared to give the fullest satisfaction to the diners. No pretence of flimsy *entrees* was made, but there were substantial joints, pigeon, chicken, and veal and ham pies, fruit tarts light puddings, cheese, and capital beer *ad libitum*. Covers were laid for 1,850 persons; but there was many places in the hall unoccupied.

The speeches were of an uninteresting nature, and quite unworthy of notice, being altogether below the average of even Tory after dinner eloquence.

THE Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

the course of the week, and over-payments yield the profit. Thus the balance is adjusted; but the result is by no means advantageous to the general character of the cab-driver. His incivility is worse than his extortion. It is not only that the cabman does not thank the fare who pays only the lawful money (and perhaps does insult him), but that often he does not thank his customer who pays something beyond. If the rightful charge be 1s. 6d. and the passenger pays 2s., the driver often accepts it sulkily because he has not got 2s. 6d. In doing so he injures himself and all his profession. When a cabman does not thank you for an excess payment the best course is promptly to demand the change and explain your reason for doing so. But many, finding that they get no more thanks for 2s. than they get for 1s. 6d., fall back upon the legal tariff, and cease from the exercise of generosity towards a thankless class. Thus the civil (and there are civil cabmen) suffer for the offences of the uncivil. It would be well that so sensible a member of the fraternity as the writer of the letter in question should explain this to his brethren. And if the legal fares are increased so as to give a fair margin of profit without overcharge or overpayment, we trust that the cabman will consider himself as much beholden to his customer as the grocer who gets a small profit on his tea and sugar. Civility costs nothing, but the reverse may prove, in the long run, to be a very expensive commodity.

ALDERMAN SIR JAMES DUKE, BART., returned to the Remembrancer a ticket for the Lord Mayor's banquet, with the following letter:—"Dear Remembrancer,—I beg you will do me the favour to return to the Lord Mayor and sheriffs the accompanying card of invitation to the Guildhall Banquet, which I cannot presume to present to any gentleman with an endorsement on the back of it that 'This ticket will not guarantee a seat;' and I cannot help thinking that if any proceeding could be likely to create confusion in the hall it is the issue of tickets with such an endorsement. Yours faithfully,—J. DUKE."

from picking and stealing. Mr. Elliott, properly mindful of the mode in which justice would have dealt with boys had they not been so "very respectably connected," declared himself unacquainted with the nature of the disease under whose influence Higgs and Greenwood had appropriated a number of opera glasses, microscopes, telescopes, bottles of scent, &c., and expressed a desire to confer upon epileptical kleptomania with their medical man; for which purpose the culprits were remanded, bail being accepted for their re-appearance. When vulgar little boys are guilty of similar malpractices British justice sometimes orders them to be birched, and always sends them to a reformatory. What British justice will do to respectably connected youths afflicted with epileptical kleptomania remains to be seen.

THE AFFAIR OF MONTANA.—The *Moniteur du Soir* has at last come out with a tardy acknowledgment of French troops having played a prominent part in the affair of Montana. A number of Chassepots is said to have been served out to the Pontifical troops previous to the action, and a special report has been made to the French War Minister on the wonderful capabilities of this weapon. The *Presse*, which is very bitter against Garibaldi, represents many of his followers as having been armed with the Prussian needle-gun, but private letters hardly confirm this statement. A letter from a Pontifical Zouave speaks of the conduct of the volunteers in the highest terms, and of their armanent as something impossible. It seems that Saffi, a well-known patriot of former days, sought Garibaldi on the night before the battle, and told him that he was betrayed—Pontifical army in the front, French on the flank, King's troops in the rear, and he implored him to throw himself into the Abruzzi and declare a republic, to which Garibaldi answered, "Son qui per fare e non per disfare l'Italia." The crisis through which Italy is passing is viewed with no small anxiety in Paris, and it is feared that the new Ministry will have a sore time of it with the Lower Chamber next session.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

MR. DISRAELI is seldom seen to greater advantage than when he fills the post of the honoured guest at a grand political entertainment. Stately in language, fully prepared for any amount of colouring and exaggeration, ready with epigrams of the most trenchant style, yet without allowing a flavour of gay, but not inappropriate, persiflage to pervade his most serious passages, he allows his audience on such occasions a much better insight into his mind, and into his mode of viewing things and men, than when he speaks as the inscrutable leader of the House of Commons. And lately his extra-parliamentary utterances have possessed an additional attraction. Within the walls of the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli deemed it necessary, throughout last session, to drop the character of a party-man. He assumed an attitude studiously neutral, constantly impressing on the House the absolute duty and necessity of settling Reform without respect to party considerations, and he only burst forth into his old style of fierce invective when any movement on the part of the Liberal leaders appeared to infringe the rule, that all party warfare was to cease for the nonce. But still the Tories had to be re-assured,—especially those out of doors, who, free from the discipline which kept the parliamentary party together, wanted to know how household suffrage was to be reconciled with Tory principles. And so, out of the House, Mr. Disraeli indemnified his friends for his reticence within. His party speeches out-doors gave the cue which his puzzled followers so urgently wanted, as to the line to be taken in explaining to Tory constituencies the scope of the Bill. Toryism, they were told, might henceforth rely for the defence of our existing institutions on the conservative instincts of borough householders below the seven-pound line! As far as we can judge from outward appearances, the theory has been accepted by those to whom it was addressed, if not as a profound conviction, yet as an article of faith.—*Saint Pauls.*

THE PIRÆUS, OR PORT OF ATHENS.

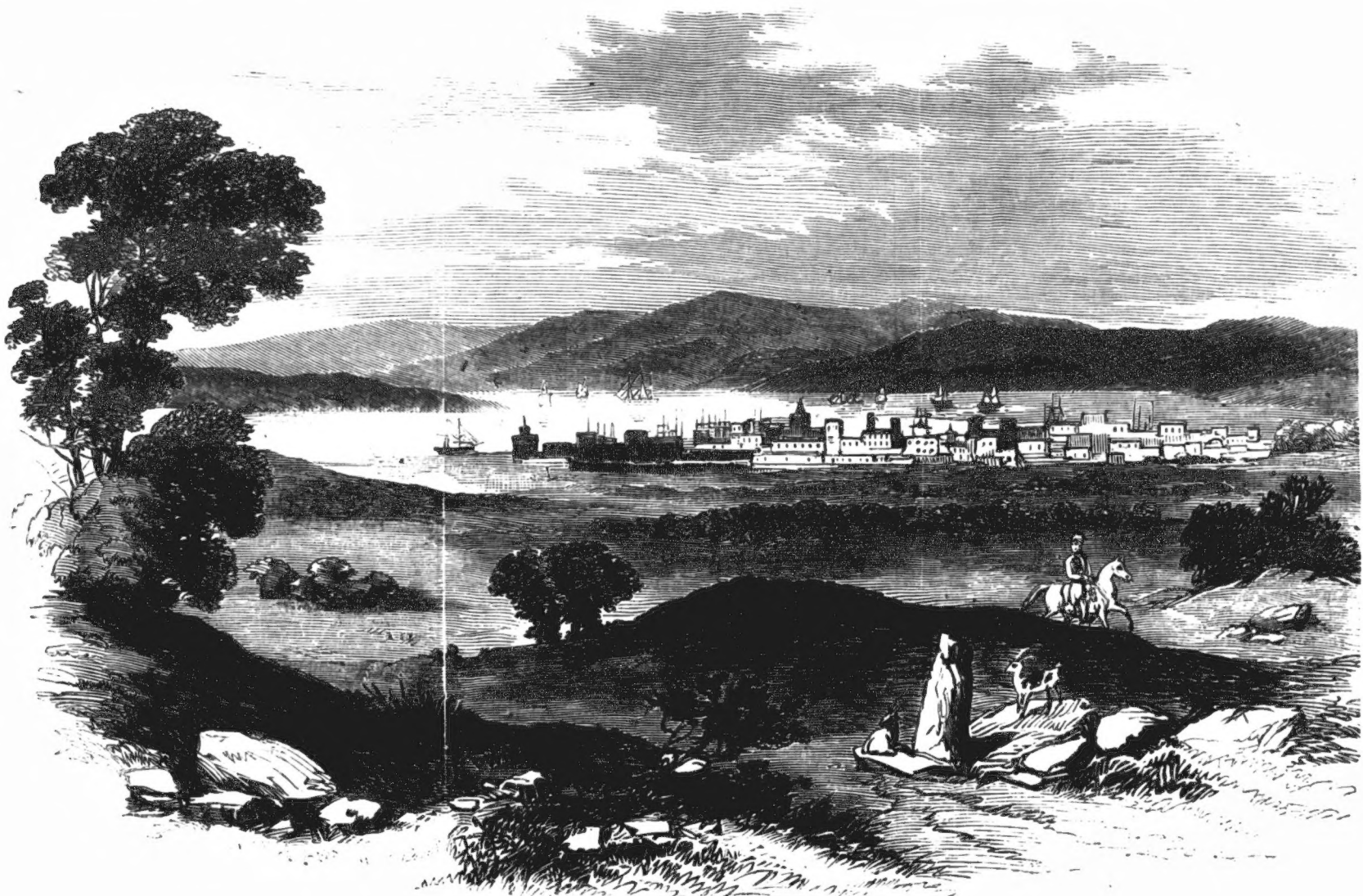
ALTHOUGH so many years have passed since St. Paul preached before the people of Athens, and perhaps on the very hill shown in our engraving, traces still exist of the ancient walls which connected that famous city with the Piræus, or the port of Athens, distant about five miles to the south-west. It contains about one thousand houses. A macadamised road, upon which omnibuses and other vehicles maintain a constant traffic, now unites the Piræus with the capital. The place is surrounded with the remains of much that is rich in classic antiquity.

A HINT TO MANAGERS.

WE pass to that wonderful clergyman's play, "The Suspicious Husband," which Johnson seems to have considered as excelled by no comedy of the century, and to which he placed Goldsmith's play equal. The brightness, gaiety, and spirit were admirable; and it is surprising no manager has thought of reviving it. Its pendant,—and quite as good,—is "The Clandestine Marriage," which may be called Garrick's, and was all but written by Colman to his dictation. This, too, would repay revival; it would be as fresh as the morning, inspiring as mountain air; and two newer and more spirited characters than Lord Ogleby and Mr. Heildenberg could not be conceived. Colman's own "Jealous Wife," in which Garrick also had a share, is excellent. Macklin's "Man of the World," with Sir Pertinax, is familiar to our generation. What a store of characters and humour in all Foote's pieces, which run off as boisterously as the fun of a lively rattling Frenchman at a party-supper! What a variety! what "fun!" what pleasant reading even! We have Goldsmith's two unique comedies, alas! only two; Sheridan's "School for Scandal" and his "Rivals;" Cumberland and Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Cowley and Mrs. Centlivre, General Burgoyne and Arthur Murphy, with his capital "Way

EGYPTIAN HALL.

ON Monday afternoon a private performance of a startling character took place at the Egyptian Hall, by a troupe of Arabs of the Aïssa Howa tribe. These amiable creatures designate themselves "Convulsionaires, Snake Charmers, Fire Eaters, and Conjurers," and they do not misname themselves. The performance is certainly the most original and extraordinary ever seen in this country, but at the same time we are free to confess that it is so terrible, not to say revolting, in some of its details that few ladies would care to sit it out. The Arabs or Africans come upon the stage beating huge tom-toms, and produce a wild, weird, monotonous noise, compared with which the roughest music made by marrow-bones and cleavers is charming melody. When they have exerted themselves sufficiently by this overture, one springs up with a yell and allows his body to undulate and his hair to flow over his shoulders. The music becomes more rapid, the undulations more vigorous. The performers commence a song, which is little better than a nasal drawl. The Arab grows frantic with excitement, and roars like a wild beast; indeed, these men in their paroxysms more resembled the denizens of the jungle than human beings. He is furnished with snakes, which he places round his neck, wreathes in his hair, resembling a fury, bites the head off one, eats it, afterwards swallowing other parts of its body. Then he proceeds to show you that his powers of digestion equal those of the ostrich, for he crunches up a couple of wine glasses, and swallows the pieces. Another stands upon the edge of a naked sword, winds himself round it, allows a rope to be passed round his body and pulled so tightly that it seems to encircle his backbone to the exclusion of intervening matter. A tall African, who appears to be the incarnation of the "Bob Ridley" of the song, does most marvellous things with red-hot coals in his mouth, howling fearfully all the while. He subjects various parts of his body to flaming sticks and paper, not appearing to suffer in the least from



THE PIRÆUS, GREECE.

THE CONFERENCE OF AMALGAMATED TRADES.

AFTER the withdrawal of Mr. Neate's Bill the Conference turned their immediate attention to preparing a Bill with a view to relieve trades' societies of some of the more pressing evils, and availed themselves of the advice and assistance of several eminent barristers and of other gentlemen, who have on many occasions rendered valuable assistance in promoting measures calculated to improve the condition of the working class. It is generally admitted that on the Report of the "Royal Commission" being laid before Parliament the whole question of trades' combinations will be opened, and it is predicted by many that satisfactory legislation will be the result; but as the inquiries of the Commission must necessarily occupy a considerable period, it is essential that something should in the meantime be done to remove the more pressing evils under which they suffer. Such effect they believe the Bill in contemplation will have if it becomes law, and they see no reason why it should not. They invite the hearty co-operation of the trades' societies of the United Kingdom, and ask that each society will give the Bill a careful consideration, that each member will make himself acquainted with its provisions, and that in every town the societies will unite to appoint deputations to wait on their respective members or on any candidate for Parliament, urging them to support the Bill when it comes before the House of Commons; and if the trades of the country give the Bill united support; if the influence of societies is brought into operation to promote its becoming law, there is little doubt as to the result.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]

to keep Him," "All in the Wrong," "Know your Own Mind," and "The Upholterer." But if these pieces are so good and substantial, if they are really fine works, it must be recollected that the writing of a play was then a different thing from what it is now. Any one who turns over Garrick's vast correspondence will see what a serious and important business the writing of a play was. Author, manager, and actors had also to be considered and consulted. Whole acts were condemned and thrown out. Scenes were re-written and new situations contrived. The preparation was often spread over years. And what is a most important proof of the character of the composition, its real value to the author was from the sale of copyright,—the piece being written to be read as well as to be seen. Goldsmith and other writers received large sums from this source.—*Saint Pauls.*

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 250, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Cripe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

the intense heat. The most remarkable exhibition was that of El Hadj Ali Ben Zerfa, who takes out his eyes and allows them to hang on his cheek. He also eats serpents, and leaves them pendent by their mouths from his outstretched tongue. There is no doubt that these men eat fire. Their teeth are charred, and so are the roof of their mouths. There is no doubt that they eat snakes, because the process of crushing the reptiles can be heard, as the jaws move, and the blood can be seen. The sword upon which one of them stands is as sharp as a razor. There is no doubt that they eat prickly cactus leaves, swallow stones, run needles through their cheeks and tongues, and go through the rest of their incredible programme, and all the while the weird music of the tom-toms is heard, and stimulates the performer until sometimes he falls exhausted at the feet of his comrades. We do not recommend this astonishing exhibition. It is our duty to notice it, and we do so with the remark that, though the convulsionaires have made a sensation in Paris, over here it is probable that pantomimes will be more popular than the self-torturers of the Aïssa Howa.

CHANGES OF PRONUNCIATION.—There are few opportunities of testing the changes of pronunciation: dead men tell no tales. It would be worth the while of the French to examine the Canadian pronunciation, which must preserve many relics of their old method, very different from that now prevailing. Baron Maseras was born in 1731, the son of a refugee long established in England: his mother-tongue was the French of Louis the Fourteenth, as spoken in his father's family. He lived to be ninety-three years old, and conversed with many of the exiles of the first French Revolution. His pronunciation was very different from theirs; and he used to mimic them, to the great amusement of all parties. We have a curious attempt of Marshal Bassompierre (1631) to write down English words in French spelling. He produced *Jorchaux*; and he must be a necromancer who could find out by this alone what was meant: it was *York House*. Here is proof of a soft j, a hard ch, and of a final x pronounced.

LAW AND POLICE.

STEALING A VALUABLE BRILLIANT RING.—George Brath, who described himself as a general agent, residing at The Lodge Southend, was placed at the bar before Alderman Causton (who presided for the first time at Guildhall), charged with stealing a brilliant diamond ring, value £30, from the shop of Mr. West jeweller, No. 4, Ludgate-hill.—Thomas Steadman, assistant to Mr. West, said the prisoner had been in the shop three or four times before. On Friday afternoon, about four o'clock, the prisoner went into the shop and asked to see a diamond ring, and Mr. West brought a tray full of rings for him to look at. He requested one to be sent to his residence on Saturday, and left the shop. Directly he was gone, Mr. West missed a brilliant ring worth £30, and sent witness after the prisoner. As witness went along he called into all the pawnbrokers' shops, describing the ring, and told them it had been stolen. He then went to Craven-street, and saw the prisoner coming out of a house there. He watched him, and saw him go into a pawnbroker's at the corner of Craven-street, but he came out of there directly. He then went into Mr. Attenborough's private office near Charing-cross, and witness went into the shop. Mr. Attenborough came out, and said, "We have got him," and took him into the private office, where the prisoner was. He had called on Mr. Attenborough and cautioned him before going to Craven-street to watch. Mr. Attenborough said to the prisoner, "You told me this was your ring;" and the prisoner said, "No; it belongs to Mr. West, of Ludgate-hill." A constable was sent for, and witness gave the prisoner into custody. The ring produced was Mr. West's property, and had been stolen from the shop the day before.—In reply to the question put by the prisoner, the witness denied that the prisoner said to Mr. Attenborough that the ring was Mr. West's, and that he did not go there to sell it, but to ascertain its value.—Police-sergeant Monkton, 18 F, took the prisoner into custody, and searched him at the Bow-street Police-station, and found on him 47d. in money, and a bond for £50. On the way to Guildhall, on Saturday morning, the prisoner said, "I did not know I had the ring; it came out of my pocket when I pulled out my handkerchief. I did not intend to pawn it nor to sell it, but I was curious to know its value."—The prisoner was remanded.

ALLEGED LOAN OFFICE FRAUD.—John Graham Whittingtall, a well-dressed man, apparently about 50 years of age, was brought up in custody upon a warrant charging him with obtaining £10 by false pretences.—Mr. Harper conducted the prosecution. In opening the case he stated that the prisoner carried on, or ostensibly carried on, the business of a loan and registry office keeper, at 28, Hart-street, Bloomsbury. The prosecutor (Mr. Blick), a baker, of Bowling-green-lane, Clerkenwell, lately applied to the defendant for a loan of £100, of which he had occasion, for the purpose of altering and improving his premises, with a view to the extension of his business. He met the defendant on the 4th of November, at a public-house, the Old Crown, in New Oxford-street, with a person named Roberts, who had introduced them. Mr. Blick stated what he required the money for, and also that he would deposit an agreement for three years for his tenancy of his premises in Bowling-green-lane. The prisoner required his bill for £100 as collateral security, which, after some discussion as to the term it was to be drawn for, and the power of renewal, Mr. Blick agreed to give. The same day the prisoner called on Mr. Blick, and said, "I have made inquiries, and am quite satisfied. You seem to be doing a good business here, and I shall have no difficulty in getting you the money by Thursday or Friday." Mr. Blick gave the prisoner the bill, and received from him a memorandum acknowledging that circumstance, and undertaking that on the following Friday he would return the bill or the money, minus £10 for discount. On the Friday Mr. Blick again saw the prisoner by appointment at the Old Crown, when the prisoner said, "The thing is all right, and a cheque for £100 is waiting for you at Mr. Pratt's office, in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, but as the cheque is made for the whole amount, you had better give me your cheque for £10." Roberts (who had called on Mr. Blick in order to make the appointment) observed, "You have got an open cheque in your pocket?" Mr. Blick replied, "I have," and handed it over to him. The prisoner then went away saying he should go to Mr. Pratt's for the cheque, and return with it. He did not return, but it afterwards appeared that the £10 cheque had been presented at Mr. Blick's bankers, and cashed by them. Mr. Pratt was not now in attendance, being unfortunately out of town. In support of this statement, Mr. Harper called prosecutor, who said he would not have parted with the cheque but that he believed the prisoners' statement that Mr. Pratt had drawn the cheque; but he admitted that he might have been mistaken about the day, which might be Tuesday, the 5th, instead Monday, 4th November.—The officer stated that he took the prisoner in custody at the office in Hart-street. On the way to the station he said that his was a respectable office. Witness said, "I don't think so, as I have had complaints of several people being victimised." Witness said he had seen Mr. Pratt, who denied all knowledge of the prisoner. The prisoner replied, "Oh, nonsense, I was with him yesterday, and saw his clerk, and the cheque was already made out."—Mr. Flowers observed that if the prisoner wished to send for Mr. Pratt's clerk, he should have an opportunity of doing so.—The prisoner said Mr. Pratt would himself be in town in a day or two, and when examined would prove that they had had transactions together. He cross-examined the prosecutor at great length, endeavouring to show that the bill was entrusted to him to get it discounted, and that the agreement was a collateral security. All which the witness denied.—Mr. Harper observed that if publicity was given to the proceedings, he had no doubt other cases would be brought forward.—Mr. Harper then applied for a warrant against Roberts, which was granted.—Mr. Flowers observed that if bail was offered for Whittingtall, he should require twenty-four hours' notice.

DEATH OF THE SOLDIER, PATRICK SHEA.—Mr. Knox, the magistrate at the Marlborough-street Police-court, has received the following note:—

"Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton, Nov. 8, 1867.

"Sir,—It is with much regret that I inform you of the death of Patrick Shea, in whom a kind interest was taken by yourself and the public, and who was admitted into the hospital through Her Majesty's recommendation on the 23rd August. The poor fellow has been gradually sinking for some days, and died this morning at three o'clock. He expressed a desire to make a will, and the enclosed was written out for him by the Rev. E. Ballen, the chaplain. Sergeant Cowdy, who will hand you this, has seen the resident medical officer and matron, and can give you any further particulars.—Yours, &c., HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

The will had reference to the balance of subscriptions sent to Mr. Knox for Shea's relief as soon as his melancholy story was made public, and was to this effect:—

"I give and bequeath the sum of £12, now in the hands of Mr. Knox, the presiding magistrate of the Marlborough-street Police-court, to be applied by him in payment of my just debts and personal expenses, and the remainder, if any, to be thus divided: I give £2, together with all my clothes, to Sergeant Cowdy; £1 to be divided amongst the nurses of the Foulis Gallery of the Consumption Hospital; £1 to the Rose Ward of the hospital; and if any remains to be handed to Mr. Knox to give to any

charitable object he may think most deserving; and I appoint Mr. Knox the executor of my will."

Sergeant Cowdy, of the Hyde-park keepers, said the deceased was most grateful for the care and attention he received in the hospital, and for the assistance afforded by Her Majesty when applied to by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, whose privilege of a bed at the hospital had immediately been conceded to him.—Mr. Knox was very glad to hear that the poor fellow's needs had been so much cared for. He would accept the trust, and he considered the will a very creditable and proper one.

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BEEKHAM.—Some short time back Mr. Mansfield's attention was called to a case wherein a veteran Peninsular officer of the above name was stated to be in very necessitous circumstances, coupled with paralysis and general debility. The statement of his services has been challenged, and every inquiry made. It was found to be a genuine case, and on referring to "Hart's Army List," it is there stated that Mr. Beekham joined the 43rd Light Infantry on the 7th of May, 1811, and went through the Peninsular campaigns of 1812-13-14. He was also present with his regiment during the occupation of Paris, and remained out with it till the end of the war in 1818. The following liberal contribution has been forwarded from Chatham, together with the letter annexed:—"Government House, Chatham, 21st October, 1867.—Dear Sir,—Having heard that misfortune has fallen heavily upon you, a few officers in this garrison have joined me in a small subscription, amounting to £55 9s. 6d., which they beg to tender for your acceptance in your necessity, as a mark of sympathy. My aide-de-camp, Captain Herries will deliver the above sum to you in person.—Believe me to be, dear Sir, yours truly, FRIEMAN MIL-RAY, Major-General. To Lieut.-Colonel Beekham."

THE SUSPECTED MURDER IN FISHERY.—Mary Jane Flye and Amelia Sparrow, waitresses, of Melton-terrace, Old Ford-road, Bow, were again brought before Mr. Newton, on remand, charged on their own confession, with concealing the birth of a female infant, since dead from alleged violence. The particulars of this case have been so frequently before the public that a recapitulation of them is unnecessary.—Mr. Poland, on the part of the Crown, followed up the prosecution; and Mr. Beard defended the prisoner Flye, he again contending for her discharge. Mr. Poland remarked that the person alleged to be the father of the child had succeeded in keeping out of the way, although since Saturday last a warrant had been out for his apprehension, and it was the intention of Government to require a remand of the prisoners at the bar until he voluntarily came forward or could be brought to this court. It was clearly in evidence that a child had been born to Flye on a certain day; that the man in question had taken it away after death, and the interests of justice required it should be known what had become of it.—Mr. Beard would wish to know whether these remands were to last much longer.—Mr. Newton: It is entirely the women's fault. They bring charges against each other that require and demand full investigation, and then murmur at delay. Both prisoners are again remanded, and without bail.—Both prisoners manifestly feel acutely these repeated remands, and Flye cried bitterly.

RIOTOUS PROCEEDINGS.—Monday was a very busy day at Marylebone Police-court, there being no less than eighty charges of all descriptions for hearing, besides a few remands and applications. This, of course, drew together a large concourse of witnesses for both sides. Besides these there was an immense number of young thieves and low women from the S division of Hampstead and Euston-road, and also from Lisson-grove district. These must see how their companions in trouble get on, and to see them off in the afternoon van. Then they generally go away in gangs to their respective haunts, creating disorder and confusion along their route. Most of them again re-assemble to see the half-past five van go away. The mob on Monday was great, and a strong body of police, under Mr. Howland, inspector of the D division, kept the passages clear and surrounded the van. The van had to come up the third time that night.—Just before the closing of the court, George Cannon, aged 17; Alfred Banton, 18; Charles Jeffrey, 19; and Henry Green, were brought down to the court handcuffed. They are well known to the police as disorderly persons and associates of the worst of characters. Cannon was charged with disorderly conduct and making use of most obscene language in the streets; the other three prisoners with attempting to rescue him, and brutally assaulting police-constable Brock, 191 D.—Thomas Fenn, 89 E, said: I was going down Paddington-street with Brock, and saw a large congregation of roughs. There were several of them fighting. We went to them and said if they persisted we should have to take them up.—Mr. D'Eyncourt: What was the disturbance about?—Witness: There was a crowd of forty or fifty of these characters from Lisson-grove, who had been about this court all the morning. They went on to York-place close by, where they hissed at us, and Cannon, shaking his fist, dared us to touch him. We went after him and managed to catch him. Brock was knocked down, when the prisoners' companions surrounded and kicked him. I had all my work to hold Cannon. I believe Banton knocked Brock down. They hooted, and shouted, and called upon all to let the "slops" have it. I saw Brock kicked by them, but could not render much assistance, as I had hold of Cannon.—Hibbs, 204 A.R., said he took Jeffrey into custody. At the station-house Brock said the three last-named prisoners had assaulted and kicked him.—Dr. Clarke, the divisional surgeon of the D division, said Brock had received a kick in a very dangerous place, and he did not know what would be the result. He had also been kicked about his legs, and complained of pains in his back. He had received blows on his arms. He had sent him to the hospital, where he would remain.—Mr. D'Eyncourt: Is he in pain?—Dr. Clarke: In great pain.—Mr. D'Eyncourt remanded the prisoners.—The prisoners, who behaved with great insolence, were then removed.

THE CASE OF JOHN GROVES.—John Groves, the man who was suspected of having shot the bandman M'Donnell, was tried at the Middlesex Sessions recently on the charge of assaulting Edward Buzey. The circumstances of the assault were of the most common-place character. A van was going down Endell-street at one o'clock on the night following the shooting of M'Donnell, in which were three persons. A party of thirteen or fourteen Irishmen, who had frequented the Turk's Head and the Enterprise public-houses, were passing at the time. Whether a man in the van accidentally or wilfully struck one of the party was doubtful. The persons on foot got into collision with the men in the van, struck them, and beat them violently with the driver's whip. A bystander cried out "Shame!" A tall man, an Irishman, whose name could not be ascertained, struck this person, and Groves, the defendant, delivered on the head of Buzey a most violent blow with a loaded cane. Buzey was a mere spectator, walking home with his wife, and had not interfered in any way with either the men in the van or their assailants. He was taken to the hospital and had his wound dressed. The charge was denied, but the jury found the prisoner guilty. He was recommended to mercy by the prosecutor, but the Assistant-Judge sentenced him to six months' hard labour, and ordered him to find sureties to keep the peace for six months more.—We consider this a harsh and cruel sentence, and one altogether unwarranted.

MISS FRAY AGAIN.—Miss Fray, in the case of Fray v. Cusens, and in which the decision had been in favour of the defendant, applied to the Court that the defendant's attorney might be called upon to answer for his conduct as an officer of the Court. She, however, said that she would first enter into a statement of the treatment which she had received at the hands of sheriffs' officers—eight or nine of them. She did not know whether they were to

be called Fenians or worse. (Laughter.) It was no laughing matter; if she had no protection her life would be taken from her; her father's life was taken away.—The Lord Chief Justice said the Court could not prevent bystanders from laughing, but he would request them not to laugh.—Miss Fray, in continuation, detailed the way in which she had been treated by sheriffs' officers while under arrest for non-payment of the defendant's costs. She stated that she had been assaulted, her body bruised in many places, and her clothes torn. This occurred principally in getting her into a cab to take her from the sponging-house to Whitecross-street Prison. At this time she was in a weak state of health, for she had been under treatment for three months for congestion of the brain. She handed up the medical prescriptions to the Bench. She also made some statements in reference to the defendant's attorney; but, in answer to the Bench, she said that she had no affidavit as to the circumstances she had mentioned.—The Lord Chief Justice: Then we cannot entertain your application at all.—Miss Fray: I will bring affidavits of myself, a lady friend, and my brother, but I want the Court to advise me.—The Lord Chief Justice: The Court cannot advise you, and it is probable that if they did you would not take the advice. All I can say is that you have been making statements without any evidence to support them.—Miss Fray then left the court, promising to return and again renew her motion.

ACTOR AND MANAGER.—In the case of Emery v. Parry, the declaration stated that the defendant, in consideration of the plaintiff entering into an engagement to perform in a certain piece during the "run" of such piece, undertook and guaranteed to the plaintiff that it should run at least eight weeks, and then alleged a breach of that contract. The defendant pleaded that he did not promise as alleged.—Mr. Serjeant Parry, in opening the case, said the plaintiff, Mr. Emery, was the well-known actor, and the defendant, Mr. Sefton Parry, the proprietor of the Holborn Theatre. After the prolonged run of the drama called "The Flying Scud" at that theatre, the defendant applied to Mr. Tom Taylor to write a new piece for him, and ultimately Mr. Taylor supplied one under the title of the "Antipodes," and suggested that he should get Mr. Emery to take the part of Duck-fingered Joe, who was one of the principal characters. At an interview between the plaintiff and defendant the terms were discussed. Mr. Emery asked £12 a week, which he received at the Lyceum under Mr. Rechter, but agreed to accept £10. The defendant then wrote out an agreement in these terms:—"London, May 22, 1867.—I hereby engage you to play the character of Duck-fingered Joe, for the run of Tom Taylor's new drama, at a weekly salary of £10." On that agreement being read over by the defendant, Mr. Emery said the term "run" was very indefinite, and objected to it; and after some conversation the defendant said he would guarantee the piece should run at least eight weeks. The learned counsel commented on the reasonableness of this guarantee, observing that it was not likely that an actor of Mr. Emery's ability would undertake to play a new part if the piece ran only for one or two nights. The result was that the piece only ran for three weeks, and Mr. Emery now sought to recover £20 for two weeks' salary, in addition to a small amount for expenses he had been put to in getting another engagement, having been for that period out of employment. He afterwards entered into an engagement at the Strand Theatre, but was now performing at the Lyceum by permission of the manager of the former place of entertainment.—Mr. Samuel Anderson Emery, the plaintiff, was examined in proof of the above statement. He said Mr. Parry declined to give him £12 a week for the summer months, as he could not afford that sum, and he consented to take £10. When the defendant read over the agreement he said it was too vague, and he had never had such an offer made to him; that "run" might mean a week or a fortnight, at the will or caprice of a manager. The defendant said he should make the piece run for at least eight weeks as the "Flying Scud" was going into the country, and he had nothing else ready, and especially as he had spent £700 in scenery and properties. Upon that understanding he signed the agreement. The "Antipodes" was only played for three weeks. On the 11th June a notice was put up in the theatre to this effect:—"Ladies and gentlemen are politely informed that the season will terminate on Friday evening, June 28, 1867. Ladies and gentlemen wishing for re-engagements will please communicate with Mr. Sefton Parry." At the end of a fortnight after the theatre closed he made an engagement with Mrs. Swanborough, of the Strand Theatre. His expenses out of pocket were £3 or £4.—Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, on the conclusion of the witness's examination in chief, submitted that there was no case. The action was on a written agreement, but it contained no guarantee that the piece should run for eight weeks.—Mr. Serjeant Parry submitted that the conversation between the parties might be taken as part of the contract.—Mr. Baron Martin suggested that the parties might agree to the facts and damages, and the question might be left for the Court above. He had, however, himself no doubt upon the law.—Mr. Serjeant Ballantine said they could not agree to any damages, because they were not agreed as to the facts.—Mr. Baron Martin said the clear law was that if parties put their bargain into writing, the bargain so written was the contract between them, and no other.—The plaintiff was then nonsuited.

FIRING PISTOLS IN THE STREET.—William Walker, 18, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with firing a pistol, and George Hannay was charged with letting off fireworks in the public street. The charge in each case arose out of the celebration of Guy Fawkes day.—Police-constable 97 M said he was on duty in New Southwark-street, near London-bridge, between eight and nine in the evening, when he saw the prisoner Walker fire off a pistol in the roadway, and a little way from him Hannay was letting off fireworks. There were several carriages passing, and some of the horses were frightened. He accordingly took them into custody. On Walker he found several caps and gunpowder.—In answer to the charge, the latter said he did not think there was any harm firing off a pistol or he should not have done it.—The other had said he was only doing as other boys did. He did not think there was any harm in it.—Mr. Burcham observed that lots of silly people at this time of the year, keep up an old obsolete thing that ought to have been forgotten years ago. He fined Walker 10s., or seven days, and Hannay 6s. or three days.—Daniel Darton, 43, was next charged with firing a pistol in the street.—Police-constable 212 M said at about eleven o'clock at night he was on duty in Long-lane, Bermondsey, when he heard the report of firearms. He proceeded in the direction from whence the noise came, and met the prisoner with the pistol in his hand quite warm, as if it had been recently discharged. The prisoner admitted firing it off, and said he only did it for amusement. He found on him caps and gunpowder.—The prisoner said he was very sorry for what he had done. He did not mean to do any harm.—Mr. Burcham told him he was old enough to know better than fire a pistol in the public street, as great mischief might have been caused by his foolish conduct. He fined him 6s. or three days' hard labour.—The fine was paid.

DARING ROBBERY.—John Wilson, calling himself a barber, and having no home, was charged before Alderman Sir Robert Carden on Saturday, with a daring burglary.—At half-past six o'clock on Friday evening, a City policeman from the opposite side of the way, observed the prisoner loitering in front of the shop of Mr. Fletcher, a jeweller, in Leadenhall-street, in a manner which excited his suspicion. Before he could cross the street, the prisoner smashed the window with a brick, and took from it two gold watches, with which he was making off, when he was stopped by a passing gentleman. The watches were found upon him. They were worth together £12, and the damage done to the window was estimated at 40s.—The prisoner said nothing in his defence.—Sir R. Carden committed him for trial.

ROME AND ITALY.

We hope there are few English Liberals who can read the news of this week from Italy without a sensation of almost personal shame. The cause which, almost alone among Continental causes, has roused them to enthusiasm, and the King whom, almost alone among kings, they have heartily supported, have alike broken down. A miserable intriguer has ended in a yet more miserable retreat. It is useless to speculate on the future when it depends on the will of one man who does not hesitate to undo his own work, who, for aught the world knows, may attribute the ill-luck of the last two years to the influence of the Papacy in heaven, and who has already set at naught every prediction based upon his character, his interest, and his career, but the balance of uncertain probabilities suggests some course of action like this. All that is certain is that Napoleon has no intention of surrendering the half key to the Italian house, that Italy has been bitterly humiliated by her fiercest ally, that the Italian dynasty is unequal to the situation, and that England takes no more part in the grand controversy which is to decide the future of a nation and the position of a world-wide creed than if she had sunk to the position of Holland or Norway.—*Spectator*.

THE CONDEMNED FENIANS.

At the risk of being charged with "ferocity and unwisdom," we declare that Lord Hobart's plea of mercy on behalf of the Manchester murderers is utterly bad and false. There is no thought of revenge upon a fallen enemy; but it is time that the public functionary, who is almost daily shot down in our streets, should learn that his life is as valuable as that of any private citizen. As for the Irish Church, it may or may not be an incubus, but murder is murder nevertheless. To punish Fenians and to remedy Fenianism by despoiling the Established Church of Ireland seems an extraordinary process of cure as ever came out of a *desolative* brain. And as for the tenure of land, what, in Heaven's name, has that to do with the murder of policeman Brett? That the sentence on the prisoners was just and righteous, there can scarcely be a doubt. What the feeling of the country is in regard to its execution there is not a man who moves among his fellow-men who can pretend to mistake. We have sufficient confidence in the Ministry to believe that they will not be diverted from their strict duty upon this occasion, either by the arguments of the friends of Fenianism or by the dread of their resentment.—*Standard*.

A CONSERVATIVE ORATOR.

THE ARTISAN ORATOR who was trotted out to speak in the character of a Conservative at the Sydenham dinner last Monday must have been dear to every sound Tory heart. Lord John Manners himself could have said nothing better, and we can only lament that the aristocratic prepossessions of the reporters induced them to give us only a brief summary of the oratory of the artisan Pitman, while that of the noble speaker is retailed at full length. All the miseries of the day, says this specimen of the newly enfranchised voter, are the work of the Liberals. They brought in free trade, and it is free trade that has made bread and meat so dear. Thousands are out of work and starving, and it is to the legislation of the Liberals that their miseries are owing. They have unsettled everything and settled nothing, &c., &c. And certainly, if these are the views of the future masters of the situation, the Tories may well rejoice in the new bill. On the whole, however, we very much doubt whether Mr. Pitman is really a typical working man; although he assures us that in Greenwich alone there are some fourteen hundred others just like himself.

GAMBLING ON THE CONTINENT.—The proprietors of the gambling saloons at Homburg and Wiesbaden are now negotiating with the Government at Berlin about the conditions on which their respective establishments are to be closed, gambling being now forbidden in North Germany. It is believed that an arrangement will soon be arrived at with the Wiesbaden proprietors, in virtue of which the gambling-houses there are to be closed within a short period, due provision being made for the suitable maintenance of the bathing establishments in those towns. M. Blanc, of Homburg, on the other hand, has made a much heavier claim for compensation than the Government is disposed to allow, and declares that he will not shut up his establishment until his claim is paid. It is thought probable that this case will ultimately have to be settled in a court of law, and it is said he has already prepared himself for such a contingency by securing the services of several eminent lawyers in Paris and Heidelberg.

BLACK MAIL.—Captain-Generals of Cuba will never again, like O'Donnell, realize a fortune from the black mail of the slave smugglers. At the close of the American war the planters were shrewd enough to see that slavery was done for, and determined to import no more. They formed an association, with vigilance committees, to carry out this resolution. Upon this the Government officials made strenuous efforts to suppress a traffic which had almost run down of itself. If the slave trade was dying out of its own accord, they thought they might as well reap a little honour by pretending that the monster was slain by them. So they have just introduced the system of slave registration, which, had they really wished to suppress the trade, they would have adopted many years ago.

A STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT.—The following strange advertisement lately appeared in the *Standard*. We should have imagined that the regulations with regard to shipping would have precluded any difficulty in tracing a yacht that had eloped.—Apsara yacht, now or lately owned by the Right Hon. the Earl of Orkney. The yacht is cutter rigged, and her registered tonnage 52 tons. Any person who shall inform the undersigned of the port where the above yacht is to be found shall receive a reward of five pounds.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN FRANCE.—The recent accident to the mail train from Calais to Paris appears to have arisen from the driver of a roving engine overshooting his mark by a few yards, and thus getting on to the main line. This man, who, at the moment of the accident jumped off his engine and escaped unhurt, is the only person to blame. When he miscalculated his distance he must have seen the mail train coming, as the line where the accident happened runs for a couple of miles as straight as an arrow. Notwithstanding the tremendous smash that ensued, only three of the passengers—two Germans and an Englishman—are still suffering from the effects of the collision. If the railway authorities are not directly to blame in this instance, they are to blame for allowing drivers to make up for lost time between Chantilly and Paris, which is all down-hill. Half an hour lost on the road is frequently recovered during this run of thirty miles much to the alarm and danger of the passengers.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE IN.—Rome must have been a pleasant place to live in during the recent "reign of terror," when the city was delivered over to the Papal mercenaries. The *Telegraph* correspondent and a couple of friends were one evening smoking at the window overlooking the Corso, when they suddenly saw some gendarmes in the street below stop to take deliberate aim at them; of course the affrighted party at once drew back. In the same letter two other instances of the atrocities of the Papalini are given. A young Roman sculptor, of great talent and unexceptionable opinions—from a priestly point of view—was returning home from a friend's house early in the evening of the 23rd, when he was shot at by two Papal gendarmes, whose bullets struck him on the right arm, smashing the bone between shoulder and elbow. The Marquis Spina, a faithful Papist, was looking out of his window before retiring to rest; forthwith four gendarmes stationed in the shadow of a house opposite fired a volley at him. Happily they missed their aim.

A FOOD COLLECTION.—Not many people, perhaps, are aware that among the curiosities of South Kensington is a very complete food collection, brought together at considerable public expense, illustrated by diagrams and tables explaining the chemical composition and presumed dietetic value of the various substances, and intended to afford scientific information and assistance in the construction of dietaries. Dr. Lauckner, in a note to a paper in which he exposes the defects of the Irish prison dietaries in the *British Medical Journal*, complains that this costly collection has never, so far as he knows, been in any way utilized by the Government, and that the various dietaries which have been adopted for public purposes are for the most part constructed in flagrant contradiction to the principles which it illustrates. If this collection were intended to be anything more than an expensive toy, its principal object would appear to have been altogether overlooked.

THE CASE OF THE BUTCHERS.—Twenty-two of the leading West-end butchers have published a manifesto in the *Times* with the view of dispelling the belief that they have been grossly over-charging their customers. But their manifesto is so brief and inexplicit that it is rather calculated to confirm that belief than to refute it. With respect to mutton, the West-end butchers merely affirm that "the price of sheep being lower, we have made a corresponding reduction in the price we charge for mutton," and pass on to the subject of beef. And with respect to beef, they merely recapitulate the average prices which they have been paying for the best joints of beef since last June, without stating the prices at which they retailed them. But as most of the subscribers to the manifesto kill their own beef, a recapitulation of the average prices at which they have occasionally called a few prime joints from the wholesale markets proves nothing, save that their case is a bad one, and that, if they had no better defence to make than that contained in their manifesto, they had better have remained silent and charged as boldly and exorbitantly as before.

CASH IN POLAND.—Great complaints are being made by commercial men at Warsaw of the want of cash in the bank there, it being now almost impossible to get money in Poland otherwise than in bank notes. This dearth of gold and silver coin is caused by the Government having lately withdrawn from circulation all the Polish coins, which were till then in general use all over the country, and not having replaced them by Russian ones, which as is known, are only too scarce in Russia itself.

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